McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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State Library 1905

SUCCESSFUL ELOPEMENT.

Claude Slade and Miss LaMont Married Last Saturday Night.

THE BRIDE IS ONLY 15 YEARS OLD.

The Ceremony Performed in Olean—Grandfather of Girl in Pursuit But Was Too Late—The Happy Couple Return Home.

Saturday evening Miss LaMont a 15-year-old daughter of Frank LaMont, who resided with her grandparents at Ormsby, was one of the principals in a sensational elopement Saturday night. Claude Slade, a young woodsman about 22 years of age, was the man in the case.

Miss LaMont came to Smethport Saturday evening, supposedly to attend a meeting of the Grange. She was joined here by young Slade, who secured a rig at a livery stable, and the couple departed with all speed for New York state.

Shortly after the lovers left town Frank Ormsby, the girl's grandfather, arrived from Ormsby with his horse in nearly an exhausted condition. After making some inquiries he secured another rig and started in hot pursuit of the elopers.

Cupid, however, looks after his own, and when the irate grandparent found the couple at Olean they had been made one, and it seemed to be up to grandpa to do the forgiving act. It is not known whether he arose to the occasion, but at any rate Mr. and Mrs. Slade are living happily as man and wife. Although the young wife is under 16 years of age it is hardly likely that any abduction proceedings will be started.

Will We Have the County Fair.

That McKean county is to have a county fair grounds is certain and that the location will be at Smethport is quite probable. At any rate negotiations are being made toward that end.

Some time ago the matter of a county fair was brought up at a meeting of the county grange, and a committee was appointed to see what could be done. The project was talked over with some of our leading citizens and they were in favor of the move, and several have signified their willingness to contribute liberally in a financial way providing the grangers decided in favor of this place. Different locations have been looked over and it has been decided that the most available is at the foot of Marvin street on property belonging to C. Herzog, George Sartwell and John Condy. The members of the grange committee have been offered the site and the building of track and fences, while the erecting of the necessary buildings would be up to them.

The people of Port Allegany are very anxious to have the fair grounds at that place and are offering good inducements but as far as location is concerned Smethport is the most central point in the county and is of easy access from every town. Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and other towns in this end of the county would more liberally patronize the fairs if held here, while if at Port Allegany it would be almost impossible to get there without heavy expense. As it looks to us this is the only town for the fair grounds and it is up to the citizens to do all they can to induce Pomona Grange to have it here.

Cutters' Bowling Match.

Capt. Lewis Marks' team of cutters came out victorious in a very hotly contested ten pin match at Backus' alleys Monday night. Capt. Michael's team was defeated by 60 pins, the totals being Marks' team 2,073; Michael's team, 2,123.

This makes a match apiece for the teams and the rubber will be rolled Friday night of this week.

	1st	2nd	3rd	Ave.
Michaels	126	151	97	124⅔
B. Moo	139	142	168	149⅔
Malcolm	117	127	156	133⅓
J. Moore	126	156	163	148⅓
Clark	119	167	119	135
	627	743	703	138
Marks	151	166	148	155
Johnson	166	161	166	164
S. Moore	162	189	137	146
H. Hay	139	156	159	148
J. Hay	78	101	105	94⅔
	685	723	715	141⅔

A Successful Affair.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church gave a chicken supper and dance at the Lyceum Theatre last evening and were successful both from a financial and social standpoint. On previous occasions the ladies had made an enviable reputation for themselves by supplying the wants of the inner man with an abundance of good things to eat, and the supper last evening was no exception to the rule. The dance did not receive the patronage of former years but those who attended enjoyed a very pleasant evening. The ladies realized a nice sum.

"The Young Wife."

This beautiful comedy drama was presented at the Smethport Lyceum last Friday night by local talent under the direction of Charles Payne and it gave entire satisfaction to a good sized audience, in fact everyone present was happily surprised to see how well each character was handled and we can truthfully say that we have seen many plays by professionals that were not equal to "The Young Wife."

The cast of characters were Miss Mable C. Camp as Florence Grantley, the young wife; Mrs. Chas. Payne as Blanch Sterling, the adventuress; Miss Lucy Mitchell as Sallie Annie Waddles, the servant; B. T. Garlick as Harry Grantly, the husband; J. L. Morrison as Uncle Burdette; C. C. Choate as James Gordon, an escaped lunatic; Kenneth Mayo as Attorney Jessop, and Charles Payne as Mortimer Theophilus Muggs, the tramp.

The fact that tears were shed by a number in the audience is pretty good proof that the leading characters were well played. Muggs and Sally in their comedy turns, brought forth much applause and hearty laughter. In the specialties, the Sailor's Hornpipe by Misses Edith Colegrove and Rita Gorton were first class. Misses Alice Conley and Marie Purtle in the Chinese dance are seldom equalled by professionals, and the tambourine dance by Misses Maude Heath and Sallie Nixon received much merited applause. The presentation of "The Young Wife" has shown that Smethport has plenty of good local talent and we hope that a club will be organized that will give us more of these entertainments.

The Injunction Dissolved.

The temporary injunction granted the City of Bradford against the B., R. & P. Railway Company restraining the latter from continuing work on its abutment for a proposed new bridge at the confluence of the East and West branches of the Tunungwant creek in Bradford was dissolved by the court this afternoon, at a preliminary hearing before Judge Bouton. The hearing was begun at 11 o'clock and was concluded at 3 o'clock, with an intermission of one and a half hours for dinner. Instead of a long drawn out affair, as predicted, it proved a veritable legal battle, the arguments of the counsels alone being sufficient for the court upon which to decide the matter. With the exception of Engineer Bannon of Bradford, not a single witness was sworn and but two minor questions were asked of the city official.

The Bradford representatives, which included counsel, witnesses and persons interested in the hearing, numbering 106 people, arriving here shortly before 11 o'clock in a special train on the B., R. & K.

Judge Bouton, after hearing the arguments advanced by the attorneys, announced that he would issue an order dissolving the temporary injunction, owing to the fact that the abutment in question was already in a practically completed form and that no additional damage could result to the city by the resumption of work on the superstructure. He stated, however, the B., R. & P. could continue the erection of the bridge at its peril, pending the final hearing, and that the completion of the structure would in no wise prejudice the interests of the city in the case.

A Hobo Jailed.

William Mugu, of the genus hobo, is now languishing in the bastile. Mugu is a professional in his line and on Tuesday when he did not receive victuals to his liking he opened with a tirade of abuse on those whom he asked to feed him. Constable Jones was notified and he now awaits trial under the vagrancy act.

A worthy man in need of assistance never suffers at the hands of the good people of Smethport, but with the professional tramp it is different. This stripe of humanity will do well to steer clear of Smethport for it is the intentention of our officers to rid the community of these nuisances.

To the readers of the Ladies' Home Journal.

There will be a Ladies' Home Journal booth at the Parish House Dec. 7, 1904. All the readers of this magazine are cordially invited to come and see it. Subscriptions will be taken for the coming year and it will pay you to subscribe by the year because all single copies will be 15 cents after this year. There will also be 20 attractive pictures sold, some of which will be auctioned off.

For Sale.

A span of bay horses, five years old, well broken, a good general purpose team. Will be sold for cash or on time with approved security.

D. C. YOUNG, Smethport, Pa.

The Enamel City, an all enamel heating stove and stove mat, in blue, brown or green, guaranteed not to crack or tarnish, the swellest heater made.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Try the Acme Cushion shoe for ladies. The easiest shoe made, at Rubin's shoe store.

Gun metal watches, guaranteed accurate time keepers, only $1.00, at

Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Smethport and Prosperity.

There is a general indication of another era of prosperity equal to that which flourished after the election of William McKinley. During the past year, as is always the case just previous to the election of a new president, there was a gradual depression in the business and manufacturing world, but immediately after the election of President Roosevelt indications of better times were marked. In the next year or two manufacturing establishments will be located and now is the time for those interested in a bright future for Smethport to bestir themselves. The Business Men's Association, which was organized in this place a year ago, should be reorganized and get to work with a will that will shove Smethport up another notch. During the last wave of prosperity which swept the United States Smethport located three large glass manufacturing plants which nearly tripled our population. Let history repeat itself and in the next four years, by locating other industries here, may we again triple the population of this beautiful town, where pure water and pure air gives life, energy and happiness to its inhabitants.

Smethport has always been noted for never taking a step backward but has always held its own wonderfully. Even during the hard times of the Cleveland administration our town suffered less than any of her neighbors. Gradually, step by step, the county seat has grown from a little hamlet, where the only industry was the offices in the court house, to one of the most enterprising and up to date towns in Pennsylvania. And there is no reason why it should not continue to grow. We have all kinds of natural advantages and all that is needed to encourage manufacturers to locate here. Again we say let the Business Men's Association get busy.

Long Threatened Suit.

Councilman C. L. Douglass of the Sixth ward, owner of the famous Douglass dam, has retained Attorneys R. B. Stone and J. M. McClure of Bradford, and A. O. Furst of Bellefonte, as counsel, and is preparing to commence legal action against the city for damages for trespass. It is alleged by the complainant that the city, by the construction of reservoirs which collect the waters of the tributaries of the Tunungwant creek southwest of Bradford, has lessened the power at his mill, the water going to the city in mains and then being emptied into the creek through the trunk sewer at a point below the Douglass dam. Douglass may also begin proceedings against the B., R. & P. and other concerns which, he alleges, have wrought damage to his holdings. He will resign his position as Common Councilman shortly, it is said, in order to be unhampered in the proposed legal action.—Bradford Era.

Mr. Douglass tendered his resignation as councilman Monday. He formerly lived in Smethport and is well known in this section.

Approves Subway Tavern.

Bishop Cortland Whitehead of Pittsburg has come out with a statement that he not only did not disapprove of the attitude of Bishop Potter in reference to the Subway Tavern, New York, but that he was in favor of a similar affair for Pittsburg. He says he believes treating causes most of the drunkenness.

The bishop suggests that Pittsburg capitalists combine and open drinking places where there shall be no treating. He says many men drink because they wish to demonstrate that they can go where they please. Bishop Whitehead says:

"Nothing can be accomplished by such as Carrie Nation. I think one of the greatest mistakes ever made was doing away with the canteen in the army."

Saturday's Football Results.

Yale 12, Harvard 0.
West Point 21, Syracuse 5.
Navy 11, Virginia 0.
Dartmouth 12, Brown 5.
Dickinson 11, Ursinus 6.
Jefferson Medical College 6, Medico-Chi College 0.
Georgetown University 60, Washington University 0.
Williams 33, Wesleyan 0.
Union 20, New York University 0.
Pennsylvania 23, Columbia 0.
Minnesota 17, Northwestern 0.
Johnsonburg 5, Bradford H. S. 0.
Titusville H. S. 0, Kane H. S. 0.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Nov. 19, 1904:

Mrs. J. Boulton, H. Bigelow, Thomas Gaskell, Mrs. Huldah Green, Mrs. Dora Morrison, Miss Alice Olson, E. Warren Peterson, Earl Updike, M. H. Walsh, Miss Lottie Wiles. Foreign—Pini Guglielmo.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. O. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Died—In Keating township, on Wednesday, August 9, 1876, Mrs. M. A. Lucore, wife of Rufus Lucore, Esq., aged 28 years. The funeral will take place at her late residence, near Rogers' mill, Friday afternoon, August 11th, at 2 o'clock p. m.

About 300 tons of coal are being shipped daily from the Clermont mines. About 150 men are employed and when all at work are capable of mining between four and five hundred tons per day; the vein on which they are at work averaging about two and one-half feet. The coal is considered very good and is likely to be better in the future as restrictions are being made in reference to the production of a very fine quality, or what they denominate "slack," which has been shipped in considerable quantity lately. [1876.]

Crumb-Hibbard.—At the residence of the bride's parents, August 16, 1876, by the Rev. O. J. Rose, Mr. Andrew V. B. Crumb of Brookfield, Madison Co., N. Y., and Miss Hattie Hibbard, of Coryville, McKean Co., Pa.

Died.—At her residence, in Keating township, Sunday evening, August 13, 1876, Mrs. Betsey F., wife of James A. Bond, in the 47th year of her age, after an illness of about four months.

Hon. Solomon Sartwell, one of the oldest residents of McKean county, died at his residence in this place Thursday afternoon, August 24, 1876. He had been in failing health for a year or two, and for weeks and months before his death he had been only waiting, resigned and fully prepared for the summons to come up higher. He was born in Littleton, New Hampshire, Jan. 16, 1796, thus having lived to the advanced age of over 80 years.

He was the oldest living of the first settlers of the county, having come here in 1816. His wife, who remains behind, the partner of so many years, patiently awaiting her summons, and praying that the separation may be not many days, came here two years later. They were married in a little log cabin on what is known as the old King place, about two miles from this borough, and at that time surrounded by the trackless forest. We all remember the happy and pleasant occasion of their golden wedding, Jan. 1, 1872.

Judge Sartwell has for over 60 years been a resident of McKean county. He was a prominent sharer in all the trials and duties of the early pioneer. He was, until within several years, largely and actively engaged in lumbering and mercantile business. As a business man he was energetic and enterprising. As a companion he was genial and social. As a father he was kind hearted and indulgent. He has always been held in honor and respect wherever known, and few citizens of the county have possessed a wider acquaintance. He was elected high sheriff of Potter and McKean counties two terms, and organized both counties for judicial purposes. He has been Treasurer of McKean county two years, postmaster twenty years, and five years Associate Judge. He leaves a long train of living descendants to mourn his loss, to emulate his virtues, and strive to live that their last days may be as peaceful as were his.

Died.—On Thursday, Aug. 24, 1876, at the residence of Dr. W. Y. McCoy, in this place, George, only son of E. H. and Geneva Bard, aged 14 months. After an illness of but a few weeks, the dread result of which neither of the young parents were prepared to contemplate, the bud of promise full of undefined hopes of coming years was ruthlessly plucked from their hands. The bereaved parents have only the consolation that they can yield up in faith and hope, unsullied as from the divine hands, the soul that was entrusted their care, although with bitter tears and breaking hearts.

Died.—At the residence of Mrs. A. Rifle, in this borough, Wednesday, Sept. 6, 1876, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Jennings. Services at the house Friday at 10:30 a. m.

Bard-Palmer.—In Port Allegany, on August 31st, 1876, by Rev. D. J. McKay, of Franklinville, N. Y., Mr. Wm. H. Bard, of Franklinville, N. Y., and Miss Martha E., second daughter of the late Nathan Palmer, former proprietor of the Port Allegany House.

Cook-Taylor.—In Corydon township, August 17, 1876, by J. B. Davidson, Esq., M. M. Lafayette Cook, of Warren borough, and Miss Libbie Taylor, of Corydon, at her father's residence.

At Farmers Valley, Friday, Sept. 15, 1876, Mr. Timothy R. Robbins, aged 71 years. Mr. R. enjoyed his usual good health until the morning of his death; he then complained of a pain in his chest but it did not deter him from attending to his business. About 2:30 p. m. he left his office intending to go to the Moore school house. When near the R. R. station he stopped to converse with some friends. While with them he fell to the ground, dead. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon at the Valley church.

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Gallup-Neefe.

The marriage of Miss Katharine Neefe of Sweden and Bela Gallup of this place was solemnized at Sweden Wednesday at two o'clock. It was a simple home wedding, only about twenty guests being present to witness the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Allen of Elliottville. After a dainty lunch had been served, Mr. and Mrs. Gallup drove to Brookland where they took the train enroute for Philadelphia and New York. Miss Leone Simar of this city sang the wedding introductory. B. C. Gallup is one of Port Allegany's leading citizens and one of the oldest business men here, not in years, but in a business residency. He is president of the First National bank and senior member of the Gallup Hardware Co. The bride was a former teacher in the Port Allegany public schools and during her residency in this city made hosts of friends. She will be extended a cordial welcome. Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Gallup will occupy their palatial home, corner of Pine and Maple streets in the near future.—Port Allegany Reporter.

A Royal Catspaw.

Peter the Great particularly delighted in drawing teeth, and he strictly enjoined his servants to send to him when anything of that sort was to be done. One day his favorite valet de chambre seemed very melancholy. The czar asked him what was the matter. "Oh, your majesty," said the man "my wife is suffering the greatest agony from toothache, and she obstinately refuses to have the tooth taken out." "If that is all," said Peter, "we will soon cure it. Take me to her at once." When they arrived the woman declared that she was not suffering at all—there was nothing the matter with her. "That is the way she talks, your majesty," said the valet. "She is suffering tortures."

"Hold her head and hands," said the czar. "I will have it out in a moment." And he instantly pulled out the indicated tooth with great dexterity, amid profuse thanks from the husband. What was Peter's indignation to discover a little later that his valet had used him as an executioner to punish his wife, who had never had an unsound tooth in her head.

Old Time School Whipping.

Sir Sydney Waterlow, lord mayor of London, thus described to a London Express writer a "good, old fashioned thrashing" in school:

"My master at St. Saviour's grammar school, Southwark, at the foot of old London bridge, was a counterpart of the tyrant of Dotheboys Hall.

"Finding that at the age of ten years I had not made much progress in the proper comprehension of the four concords in Latin, he determined to give me a good birching. He was a most practiced hand with the rod and was never satisfied with a birch less than four or five feet long, with plenty of small, sharp cones on it. He never used the same one twice.

"The fiat having gone forth, I was stripped to my bare back and made to kneel. The master then inflicted three strokes as hard as his strong arm enabled him to give, causing the blood to spurt all over my back. Many of the cones remained in my flesh for days."

Varied Mourning Colors.

The following are the various colors used for mourning in different countries, together with the reasons given for the selection: Black expresses privation of light, worn throughout Europe and America; yellow, the sear and yellow leaf, Egypt and Burmia; in Brittany widows' caps among the peasants are yellow; purple and violet, to express royalty, mourning for the cardinals and kings of France; violet is the mourning color for Turkey; white, emblem of "white handed hope," China; deep blue, Bokhara mourning; the significance of this selection is not known; pale brown, the withered leaves, Persia; grayish brown, earth, Ethiopia and Abyssinia.

Obeyed Orders Strictly.

The sentinels at Pompeii who died at their posts during the eruption because they had received no orders to leave them are held up as types of perfect obedience, but then the punishments in the Roman army were brutal, and they knew it. Different was the case of an individual who, being ordered to take a hot bath by his doctor, complied with the order and remained in it until the learned man paid his next visit. The doctor exclaimed when he heard, "Why, it is enough to kill you by parboiling or chill!" "It was all your fault," said the bather sullenly. "You only told me to get into a hot bath. You ought to have told me when to get out as well."

Wanted.

A good tenant to work a dairy farm on shares. One who understands taking care of cows. Milk sent to creamery. Lease to commence March 1, 1905. Inquire of D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.

Lost.

Black Siberian dog sleigh robe between Newert and A. L. Gallup's farm on the night of Oct. 31. Finder will be rewarded by returning to Wm. McDade, Newert, Pa.

In case of emergency you can convert your shotgun into a rifle by using a single ball loaded shell. Ask us about them.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

The Acme Cushion shoe for ladies is a relief to sore feet and corns. See them at Rubin's exclusive shoe store.

Record Stock Company.

Commencing Nov. 28 and continuing for three nights the attraction offered by Manager Clark at the Lyceum will be one of unusual merit. The Record Stock Company, presenting Miss Cora Lawton Mitchell, supported by a strong metropolitan company, is a well known organization.

In speaking of Miss Cora Lawton Mitchell's personality, the Bradford Star of Aug. 25 said: There is a genuine sweet womanhood which puts the actress in the background in the eyes of the public and keeps her only a woman, pure and true, and living up to her ideal. She betrays none of the over-reaching for effects that cheapen an actress, but every word and action is artistic in its perfect simplicity. It is this quality which has made her the idol of the public wherever she has appeared. She is so free from consciousness, so entire lacking in egotism that she attributes the success of her plays very largely to her excellent support and to the charm of the plots rather than to herself. Miss Mitchell has another quality which endears her to the women especially as she wears her gowns with the grace of a queen.

It is so rarely the case Smethport is treated to such a dramatic event that it will be a source of pleasure to be assured that this attraction is known to be first class.

The opening bill will be "A Woman's Revenge," a very strong emotional play. There will be a number of high class specialty artists appear between the acts, thereby causing no tiresome waits. Notably among these is Mlle. Sousa and her doves. This is the strongest feature act on the road to-day and this act alone is worth the price of admission.

Popular prices 10, 20 and 30 cents, will prevail during the entire engagement. Reserved seats on sale at Wolf's Pharmacy.

Remodels Hotel.

The Bolivar Breeze has the following to say in regard to improvements at the Newton House, run by a former Smethport man: Proprietor W. V. Provin of the Newton House has just finished remodelling and refurnishing the large building formerly used for a laundry, which was recently attached to the rear of the hotel kitchen. The first floor has been fitted into a modern kitchen, with one bedroom for the help. On the second floor there are six single bedrooms and a closet. The hallway and bedrooms have been newly carpeted and up-to-date furniture has been placed in the bedrooms. The two rooms on the south side of the hotel which were formerly used for dressing and writing rooms have been converted into one room and are being used for a waiting and writing room. This room has been furnished with new carpet and furniture.

Winter Excursion Route Book.

In pursuance of its annual custom the passenger department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just issued an attractive and comprehensive book descriptive of the leading winter resorts of the east and south, and giving the rates and various routes and combinations of routes of travel. Like all the publications of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company this "Winter Excursion Book" is a model of typographical and pictorial work. It is bound in a handsome and artistic cover in colors, and contains much valuable information for winter tourists and travelers in general. It can be had free of charge at the principal ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railway Company, or will be sent postpaid upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, general passenger agent, Broad street station, Philadelphia.

Clerical Orders for 1905.

Pursuant to its usual custom the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will issue clerical orders for the year 1905 to ordained clergymen having a regular charge as settled pastors of churches located on or near its lines. Clergymen desiring such orders should make individual application for same on blanks furnished by the company and which can now be obtained from the ticket agents. Applications should be sent to the general office of the company as soon as possible, in no case later than December 15, so that orders may be mailed by December 30, to all clergymen entitled to receive them.

$13 Buffalo to Chicago and Return

via the Nickel Plate Road account Live Stock Exposition. Tickets on sale November 27th, 28th and 29th; good returning to December 5th, inclusive. Write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Low Homeseekers' Rates

via the Nickel Plate Road. To the west and southwest, first and third Tuesday of each month until April 18th. For full particulars write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

D. C. Young has just returned from the city where he purchased a fine stock of dry goods, notions and goods for the Christmas trade, which he now has on exhibition and will be glad to show to all who call.

The Detroit Jewel Cake Griddle, the one you have heard your neighbor talk about. The only pancake griddle to use on a gas stove. Holmes & Gilfillan.

For Sale Cheap.

Cyclopedia Britiannica, 31 volumes, half morrocco. Inquire of N. E. Mann, at the Wright House.

Bill, the Back Number

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1905, by Charles W. Hooke

"THE man who handles the money." That is the way the more aggressive newspapers spoke of James Murdock, known to his friends as "Big Jim." The statement was substantially true. Murdock conducted the private negotiations with the men of political prominence whose favor was necessary to the consummation of the General Transportation deal, and Lucius Stagg, the financier, was his principal.

Everything was going well, except that Murdock was obliged to avoid the injunctions and other legal missiles aimed at him by certain men whom the deal would ruin. He was supposed to have fled out of the state. In fact, he was hidden in his own residence, which was besieged both day and night by an army of process servers, who were there upon orders, though most of them believed that the house was as empty as it seemed to be.

Neither Stagg nor any other man prominent in the deal dared to go to Murdock's house openly, and this peril became presently a serious annoyance because Murdock did not have the money which he was supposed to be "handling." The cash was in the hands of Lucius Stagg, who was extremely anxious to transfer it to his agent.

Upon a certain day, when the emergency had become extremely pressing, Stagg had a consultation with his lawyers, Harding, Leroy & Stevens, and as a result the firm's chief clerk was dispatched upon a very remarkable errand. In the disguise of a tramp and with the sum of $400,000 in a money belt he went to Murdock's house about 10 o'clock in the evening and succeeded in getting into the yard without attracting the attention of the process servers.

A key of the side door was hidden under the mat in the vestibule, and Wilmot was groping for it in the darkness when a strong hand was suddenly laid upon his throat, and his head was drawn back until it rested upon the shoulder of some one who stood behind him.

"Who—who's that?" gasped Wilmot in a choked whisper.

"Jes' me; only jes' Bill," was the reply. "An' this thing that I'm diggin' into your left kidney is only my revolver. See? So don't be frightened. What you doin' here?"

Wilmot remembered his disguise.

"I was thinking that I might get something to eat," he stammered.

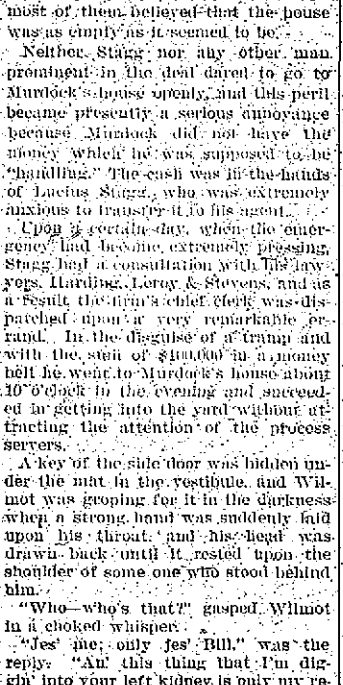
Bill stopped to reflect upon this statement.

"I guess that's right," said he. "I guess you're only a hobo. I took you for a dy'cop. But it seems that I done you an injustice. Open that door."

"Isn't it locked?" faltered Wilmot.

"It was before I called," responded Bill. "Open it, an' be blamed spry."

Wilmot obeyed and was pushed forward into the dark interior of the house. As the instrument of propulsion was the barrel of Bill's revolver there was no disposition on the clerk's part to delay the proceedings. The muzzle of the weapon was exactly upon the money belt, and any undue precipitancy on Bill's part would have wrecked a fortune. A fleeting thought



"JES' ME; ONLY JES' BILL."

passed through Wilmot's mind that Bill would have been much more careful had he known the financial consequences which would follow a discharge of the revolver.

Thus they came to the dining room, where Bill made an examination of the windows, which were both shuttered and curtained.

"I reckon we can stand a bead o' gas," said he and lighted a jet upon the chandelier. "It's a wonder," he added, "that an up to date guy like this man Murdock wouldn't have 'lectricity."

"You know him, then?" said Wilmot.

Bill spat upon the highly polished floor.

"Know him!" he echoed. "Yes, I know him. I've read about him in the papers. He's a drat pirate. I got no sympathy wit' such as him."

"Is it not imprudent to talk so loud?" asked Wilmot.

"There ain't nobody here," said Bill; "not a soul. We can do about as we please so long as we don't make noise enough to be heard on the street. Murdock has skipped. I've read all about it. There's a gang outside waitin' for him, but he ain't here, an' he ain't comin'."

Wilmot did not dare to express any doubt of this, but he ventured to make another suggestion of caution, to which, however, Bill did not reply. He drew a large bag from under his coat and began to collect in it the family silver from the sideboard and a closet, keeping his revolver ready and an eye upon Wilmot all the time. Finally, in a compartment of the sideboard he came upon a quantity of cooked food and some bottles.

"Champagne!" he muttered. "What's it doin' here? An' this beef an' bread looks pretty fresh. Well, blast me!"

He brought the food and drink to the table.

"I don't understand this," said he, "but we may as well get next to it. Hungry, are ye? Well, I'm thirsty. Never was any other way. Sit down."

They took their places at opposite sides of the table, and, keeping the revolver handy, Bill opened two bottles of wine, pushing one of them across to his companion. They drank from silver cups, Wilmot sparingly, Bill with a deep, absorbing, natural thirst, like that of a sponge.

Presently Bill appeared to fall into a sort of trance. His head sank forward a little; his eyes stared at the cup from which he had drunk. Minutes passed slowly.

After what seemed to Wilmot an eternity Bill slowly emerged from his torpor. He put up his left hand and rubbed his stubbly chin. Then he pushed back the tangle of black hair that tumbled over his low forehead and in so doing dislodged the rusty hat which had been perched upon the back of his head. It fell upon the floor with an unnaturally loud sound, but Bill gave it no heed.

"I'm a back number," said he slowly; "that's what I am. Look at that stuff on the table. What 'll I get for it? Mebbe $500. It's worth a good deal more, sure. But I got to take what they'll give me. The fellers that buy this sort o' stuff are all in a combine. A gun that sells outside the ring goes to the jug. It's the same all the way around. The feller that does the work gets nothin'; the feller that's got the money on it is in the combination gets everything. I'm a back number; that's what's the matter with me."

"What you complain of," said Wilmot, "is a feature of our present industrial development."

Bill, whose head had sunk upon his breast, looked up again.

"You seem to be an edjercated man," said he, "but," he added, with a sigh, "edjercation cuts no ice any more. It's a grab game. Now, look at this man Murdock. What's he been a-doin'? Do you read the papers? Well, then you know. He's grabbed two railroads; he's ruined an old fashioned millionaire named Harrison—a sort o' back number like myself, I judge—an' a lot o' little guys that put their money in the road. But what's that? What did the fellers get that built the road, the fellers that did the work? Mebbe a few contractors an' bosses got a little rake off, but most o' 'em was dagoes workin' for a dollar a day. An' now in comes this man Murdock, this blamed up to date pirate, an' grabs them two roads an' hands 'em over to the gang. An' they say his fee 'll be near half a million bones. Thing he'll get as much as that?"

"I've heard somewhere," said Wilmot, "that it would be $400,000."

A sudden shiver swept over him as he named the sum, and for an instant the money belt against his body seemed stuffed with ice.

"Four hundred thousand!" echoed Bill. "Think what a fellow like me could do with all that money! But it ain't nothin' in these days. Why, some o' these trust magnates blow in more'n that on a steam yacht. Why 'n blazes they should do it," he added reflectively, "I don't know. I can get as seasick as I want to be for a dollar and a half goin' down to Sandy Hook on a fishin' excursion. But the stomachs o' them fellers will stand anything, I guess. It's as much as mine can stand sometimes to read about 'em."

"You seem to be a sort of a socialist," said Wilmot.

"Sometimes I get a-thinkin' about them things," he admitted. "I get a-thinkin' about people workin', workin' all over the world. They're a goin' it all the time, for the world turns over, an' some of 'em work while the others sleep. An' what are they doin'? They're makin' things that they can't have—jes' makin' 'em for fellers like Murdock. Ain't that queer? Ain't it queer to think o' a lot o' men buildin' on a great, big, fine fireproof hotel all day an' then goin' home to sleep in 7 by 9 rooms in little fire trap tenements? I saw a lot o' men at work on a fifteen story department store buildin' today. They'll work at that sort o' thing for twenty, thirty or forty years, some o' 'em, an' when it's all over an' they're dead their wives won't have enough to go an' buy decent mournin' clothes in those same stores. Oh, well, well! What's the use o' talkin' to the likes o' you about work? You don't do any."

"No," replied Wilmot, remembering his role, "I'm a tramp."

Bill eyed him with drunken severity.

"Ain't you ashamed to sit there an' admit it?" he demanded. "Haven't you got no ambition?"

"Have you?" retorted Wilmot.

"Yes, sir, I have," said Bill, striking the table with his fist so hard that some wine spattered out of his cup, whereupon he prudently drank what remained. "I want to do somethin' big before I get laid away. I'd like to turn a trick that was really worth while—to do a job that would be talked about. But it's no use. There's nothin' in my line aby more. Plain stealin' has gone out o' fashion. I don't know why that's come over me so hard tonight unless it's thinkin' about this man Murdock. He's the new, an' I'm the old, an' so," he concluded, with an oratorical gesture, "we git right back to where we started I'm Bill, the back number."

"It may be that you neglect your opportunities," said Wilmot, whose courage was stimulated by the wine. "Mr Murdock saw the industrial advantage that would accrue from the consolidation of these railroad lines. It was a thing difficult to accomplish, but his keen mind soon found a legal way"—

"A legal way!" exclaimed Bill. "A legal way to crack a safe! That's what he found. An', by"—Bill struggled in vain to choose an oath to fit his need, and in default of it he spat upon the floor again and went on—"I'm ashamed to be in the house o' a man like that!"

At this moment Wilmot, looking over Bill's head, saw a door slowly open. The face of young Jim Murdock appeared and his burly form immediately thereafter. With a catlike tread he came across the bare floor, his stockinged feet as silent as the tread of fate.

Wilmot felt a deadly faintness. He knew that his face must be a mirror.

HE DISPLAYED A HUGE ARMY REVOLVER.

If Bill should glance into it tragedy would instantly result, but Bill, the back number, was staring blankly at the silver cup from which he had just sipped his last brief taste of the luxuries of wealth.

To Wilmot's great surprise, Murdock, instead of springing upon Bill's back, suddenly pulled a chair out from the table and sat down in it. At the same instant he displayed a huge army revolver. Bill made a noise between a groan and a gasp and stretched forth his hand for his own weapon, but to touch it was death, and he shrank back.

"I've been listening at the door," said Murdock calmly, "and I've sized this thing up. I saw this fellow prowling around the house earlier in the evening. Took you prisoner, eh? And lectured you on socialism over my wine? Well, well! Give me that little gun of yours, my friend," pulling Bill's weapon toward him along the table. "It is the modern rule that the greater absorbs the less."

He waved his enormous revolver gently to emphasize this remark, and then, taking the burglar's cheap weapon in his left hand, he looked at it with contempt.

"Expected to do me up with this thing, eh?" said he. "Well, you are a back number. Say, why didn't you bring an injunction? Then you'd have been up to date. If I'd tried to take that away from you I'd really have been in trouble, and old man Harrison would have paid you for serving it. He'd have paid you twenty times what that stuff is worth." And he polished with Bill's revolver at the silverware upon the table.

"No, no, Bill," he continued; "it won't do. A back number? You're a dodo, that's what you are. You're a dullbird of an extinct species. And now, Wilmot, have you got the money?"

Already the clerk was tugging at the belt with weak and frantic haste, and he answered the question by flinging it on the table.

"How much?" demanded Murdock.

"Four hundred thousand."

Bill, the back number, gave a gurgling groan and fell forward upon the table.

"Brace up!" said Murdock, straightening him up with a hand upon his shoulder. "Brace up! You may live to steal the United States treasury yet."

"I ain't fit to live at all after this!" gasped Bill.

"Oh, yes, you are," responded Murdock. "Courage, my friend. And now," he added more seriously, "I shall have to ask you to excuse me. I'm expecting friends."

He rose and motioned to Bill to do the like. The burglar moved heavily, as if he were old and ill, while Murdock escorted him to the side door, lighting the way with Bill's own dark lantern.

"I'm going to let you go," he said. "You can't do me any harm."

Bill paused a moment on the threshold, and he spoke as if to himself:

"I've been up against Jim Murdock," he said, "an' I ain't lost nothin' but a four dollar revolver an' a secondhand bullseye lantern. It's better 'n I had a right to expect."

He stepped with heavy and desponding caution into the dark vestibule and went stumbling and staggering along the flagging toward the gate. Some men got under the darkest shadow of the trees to let him pass, and he did not see them. They were Murdock's friends—three aldermen of the more respectable sort and a well known political leader who is also a judge.

The Opportunity.

It was night.

They—he and she—were sitting on the porch looking at the stars.

"You know, I suppose," he whispered, "what a young man's privilege is when he sees a shooting star?"

"No," she answered. "I haven't the slightest idea. There goes one!"—Chicago Tribune.

Soup.

"Who goes there?"

"Godfrey—Godfrey—Godfrey de Bouillon," stammered the young actor with his first two line part.

"Supe, supe!" yelled the unfeeling gallery.—Pittsburg Post.

Even Worse.

Mrs. Hoyle—I hear that your husband died intestate. Mrs. Doyle—Well, I don't know what his trouble was, but he had to have an operation.—Town Topics.

Malice eats up the greatest part of her own venom and therewith poisoneth herself.—Montaigne.

THE NEGRO DIALECT.

Some Comments on Paul Laurence Dunbar's Efforts to Sustain It.

"As a rule the negro who has grown out of the dialect of his race makes an extremely poor showing in an effort to mimic the negro's talk," said an observant man, "and his efforts to write it are even more pronounced failures. But Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet, has written at least one thing in which he sustained the dialect of his race. In the 'Death Song' Dunbar got closer to the talk and the nature of the negro than in any other effort. It is worth recalling, so here it is:

"Lay me down beneaf de willers in de grass,
Whah de branch 'll go a-singin' as it pass.
An' w'en I's a-layin' low
I kin hyeah it as it go
Singin', 'Sleep, my honey, tek yo' res' at last.'

'Lay me nigh to whah hit meks a little pool,
An' de watah stan's so quiet lak an' cool.
Whah de little birds is singing,
Use to come an' drink an' sing,
An' the chillen waded on dey way to school.

"Let me settle w'en my shoulduhs drap dey load
Nigh enough to hyeah de noises in de road,
Fu' I t'ink de las' long res'
Gwine to soothe my sperrit bes'
Ef I'a-layin' 'mong de things I's allus knowed.

"You will observe here that he shows the negro's strong devotion to the 'I,' and it is interesting because of the tendency on the part of writers of negro dialect to forge the 'I' out by the substitution of 'a,' Dunbar's use of 'I's' for the improper 'I, is' is genuine. Most negro dialect writers of today would write it 'Ah's,' for they nearly always use 'Ah' for 'I.' So he shows the same preference for 'I' in the lines—

"'An' w'en I's a-layin' low
I kin hyeah it as it go
Singin', 'Sleep, my honey, tek yo' res' at last.'

"Here we have 'I's' and 'I kin,' both showing the negro's devotion to the sound of 'I.' So he uses 'gwine' for 'going,' probably errs in the distinctive 'gwih to,' for the negro, as a rule, will make one word out of the phrase, giving it more the sound of 'gwinter.' But, on the whole, the dialect is good and is well sustained."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Only One English King, Henry IV., Has Been Entombed There.

The ancient cathedral at Canterbury shelters the remains of only one English king, Henry IV. That this particular monarch should have been entombed there is the more remarkable since he breathed his last in the Jerusalem chamber of Westminster abbey, and it might naturally have been supposed in the circumstances that he would have been laid to rest in the abbey, where so many other of England's kings sleep their last sleep. It seems, however, that Henry before his death gave orders that he was to be buried in the cathedral at Canterbury opposite the tomb of his uncle, Edward, the Black Prince.

For hundreds of years a story was current that on the way down the river a hurricane arose and that the people on board the vessel, convinced that the storm was caused by the fact that a king's body was on board, cast the corpse into the water in the dead of night and, filling the coffin with rubbish, brought it with all pomp and circumstance to the cathedral. Some years ago the dean and chapter resolved to get at the truth of the story.

So they opened the royal tomb and the king's lead coffin. For one brief moment dean and chapter gazed upon the kingly lineaments of that monarch whom Shakespeare describes as "sky aspiring Bolingbroke." Only for a moment, however, as the body crumbled to dust almost at once. But Canterbury now knows beyond all doubt that an English king rests within its walls.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

One-half the stuff you buy does you no good.

Don't carry a lot of keys to private drawers. Burn papers you don't want seen.

A dollar is a large amount to pay for bread, but it is mighty insignificant in a poker game.

When some people haven't any great trouble, they smile as much as to say, How brave I am!

Many a good man fusses a great deal about nothing and makes himself unnecessarily disagreeable.

There is this in being a parent: They get the abuse if their children are bad and no particular credit if they are good.—Atchison Globe.

Five Thousand Distinct Languages.

Mr. J. Collier is authority for the statement that there are no less than 5,000 distinct languages spoken by mankind. The number of separate dialects is enormous. There are more than sixty distinct vocabularies in Brazil, and in Mexico the Nahua language has been broken up into 700 dialects. There are hundreds in Borneo. The complexities are beyond classification in Australia, and generally the number of dialects decreases with the intellectual culture of the population. If there is an average of fifty dialects to every language we still have the enormous total of 250,000.

Burying the Inn Sign.

In some parts of England when a public house loses its license the signboard is solemnly buried. On the last night it is removed from over the door and "waked" in the bar by the old customers. When the clock points to closing time and the house ceases its career as an inn the signboard is carried out in procession and interred with an appropriate burial service, which ends with watering the grave with a gallon of beer or a bottle of whisky.

His Line.

"So Speeder has turned out to be a confidence man. Does he sell gold bricks?"

"No. He's an architect and plans those $2,500 houses that cost $6,850 when they're finished."—Cleveland Leader.

THE SECRET SERVICE

HOW THE STATE SPIES OF EUROPE DO THEIR WORK.

Military Secrets Often Revealed by Loyal Papers to Watchful Government Agents—Russia and France Partial to Female Spies.

When people read or hear of a secret service agent the picture of a man armed to the teeth with revolvers and stilettos, a mixture of a Sherlock Holmes and a Bill Sikes, rises before their eyes.

Now, as a matter of fact, the best secret service agent in the world and the one most generally relied upon by the nations is the editor of the local paper.

Let us call the town Greenbeach and assume that the government has decided to build a hidden battery close by. The editor of the Greenbeach Gazette will announce in his columns that Inspector or Captain So-and-so has arrived at the local hotel to superintend some work for the government. Next week tenders will be invited for bricks, cement and ships. The foreign intelligence man, reading this news in Paris, Berlin or St. Petersburg, begins to chuckle. "This is going to be interesting."

A few months pass, while foreign eyes daily scan the paper for news of the battery. At last the editor gravely informs his readers that "new guns for the battery now building have arrived."

"Ahn," says the intelligence man, "our agent in London must have a look at that!" And accordingly one day a pleasant foreigner arrives at Greenbeach, starts painting the cliffs, chats in the evenings with the local topers at the bar and, at a propitious moment, listens about the new battery are told. Finally he departs and sends his report to his chief, who hands it on to his expert branch for close investigation.

As regards the spies of the secret intelligence service, it is interesting to know that the supply largely exceeds the demand. For any one who has not been in the service himself it seems incredible what numbers of scoundrels, young and old, are to be found in most armies and navies who will willingly sell their country's secrets to the highest bidder.

These and a few specially appointed agents are the main retailers of military secrets. There are, further, the deserters, who, arriving in a strange country, generally without money, turn the knowledge they have acquired during their time of service into money by selling their country's secrets.

On this account of course prices are not so high as is generally believed. For example, a government would rarely pay "several thousand pounds" for the purchase of a signal book. Was not the secret of the French field guns sold in 1898 to Germany for 5,000 francs (£200), and such a secret has a hundredfold the value of a signal book.

Altogether the life of the secret service man is not devoid of interest. He gets hardened to the business, and if it were not for the exciting fact that where other people deal in goods he deals in the lives of nations it would soon pall.

Of course on the first occasions when you have been sent to a foreign country and carry papers in your pocket which if found on you would obtain for you twenty years' hard labor free of charge, it is difficult to keep perfectly at ease when talking to a high police officer or military official. In the end, however, you get used to it and careless till you are caught.

The main agents of Russia and France are ladies; while Germany prefers men. So does Britain.

The triumph of the French policy of employing female spies was celebrated in Italy when a well known lady of the French embassy managed to get the Italian minister into her toils. It was at the time Italy intended to occupy Tunis and to establish a protectorate there. The Italian fleet was preparing at Palermo.

In only two more days it would sail, and Tunis would belong to Italy, when during one of the lovers' meetings the Italian minister let the secret out. The rest belongs to history. France arrived first and occupied Tunis.

Here is another fact which may appear hardly credible, but is absolutely true: At the beginning of the South African war I had to consult with the intelligence department of a large German gun firm, and for fun the chief of the department showed me the record of the armaments of the Boers. Well, this record was true to the last line, while the report of the British intelligence department contained not even a list of guns sold to the Boers by British firms previous to the war.

Great Britain has an excellent but small secret service. We pry less perhaps than any other power, but no important subject is left uncovered. We spend perhaps £5 against £50 by our continental neighbors, but much of our intelligence costs nothing, being accepted from honorary sources. For this reason it is frequently valueless. In the South African war many mistakes were made through inaccurate news and the employment of people who would go to any length to justify their employment for the time being.

The compilation of facts is fairly easy in British possessions. Foreign officers can always secure admission to factories and dockyards, and the openness of their treatment is not equaled in any other country.—London Express.

Speedy Path to Pulchritude.

"Doctor," said the homely maid, "can you recommend something that will make me beautiful?"

"Yes; inherit half a million," replied the M. D. "Two dollars, please."—Chicago News.

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JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 24, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—"Si Plunkard" to-night.

—D. M. Brasted has a change of ad this week.

—Read J. Colegrove's change of advertisement in this issue.

—The Canadian Concert Company pleased our people very much.—James Rain, Cortland, N. Y.

—See the new advertisement of Bell Bros., Olean, in this issue. They are offering a rare opportunity to ladies.

—One hundred new books have been placed in circulation in the Banner Books Library at Hogarth's drug store.

—The striking of a 40-barrel oil well near Allegany, N. Y., has created considerable excitement in and around Olean.

—The contest for the postmastership of Port Allegany, Congressman Dresser having recently recommended Dr. J. B. Colcord to that position.

—The Colored Concert Company pleased our people very much, was entirely satisfactory. We would like them again.—T. A. Harroun, Whitney Point, N. Y.

—George Howe will hold another of his popular dances at his hall in East Smethport next Saturday evening. The Lyceum orchestra will furnish music and a good time is assured.

—The application of the Mt. Jewett bank for a National bank charter has been granted and the business of the institution will henceforth be conducted under the provisions made and provided for National banks.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Complete official returns of the election are issued as a supplement to this paper. But one other paper in the county, we believe, has furnished this, the MINER of Smethport being that paper, and kindly consented to run us fifteen hundred copies for our readers. —Kane Leader.

—Four young men, supposed to be from Kane, recently visited Mt. Jewett, imbibed too freely of the "mountain dew" and upon their return home destroyed a number of rural free delivery mail boxes. This is a serious offence and the young men will have to answer to Uncle Sam. The fine for an offence of this nature is $1,000. It is said the parties are known.

The Pygmies of Africa.

"The pygmies of Africa," says Dr. Gell, the traveler, "are the most dangerous savages I ever met. They are quick, very warlike, and the women fight as hard as the men. They are experts in poisons, which they use to advantage against their enemies. I think there has been some confusion in the past between pygmies and dwarfs. The latter are found for the most part in the 'little forest' and on the outer edge of the great forest, whereas the pygmies are well within the 'great forest.' Pygmies and dwarfs are distinct in physiognomy.

"Entering the 'great forest' from the south end of the mountains of the Moon, after crossing the Semliki grass lands, I came across the pygmies in about three days' journey. It is a curious fact that the pygmies pitch their camps within about half a day's journey of the big savages—the giant savages, as they are called. Although I had to sleep fully armed, I was never attacked.

"It has been my invariable rule to treat natives as gentlemen. I find that the greatest savage appreciates kindness and consideration. In my journey through the forest I used compasses to guide me. The pygmies can find their way by simply looking at the trees. They are a wonderful race, active and intelligent."

The Name's the Thing.

"This madness for names," complained the buyer of foreign lingerie, "is likely to drive me out of my wits. It's a weakness of the American people, this insanity for names! They want to know what you call a thing before they will dream of liking it. If the name attracts them, well and good. If not, they are prejudiced against it. I'm in almost as much trouble as Mother Eve, who had everything to name. I think and think, and after the simple, charming names have been exhausted my troubles begin. Consider the responsibility! A bit of underwear, for example, may take like wildfire if it is christened the Violet. Name it something less lovely and it may be a frost. In vain have I besought the French designers to name the choice bits they have conceived. But, no; they will only shrug their shoulders and say, 'Pourquoi?' If a thing be novel, beautiful or fascinating, they think that is enough. And they are right. But, alas, I cannot impress this upon their patrons. They suspect the merit of a garment if it has no name. Some enterprising person could certainly make a living by offering a choice assortment of names to a long suffering public."—Philadelphia Record.

Enthusiasts without capacity are the really dangerous people.—Schopenhauer.

A Story of Napoleon.

Napoleon invariably refused to remove his hat when he received kings and sovereign princes under the rank of emperor. He uncovered his head only in the presence of the emperors of Russia and of Austria. One day Napoleon received the king of Bavaria and of Saxony at St. Cloud. As the two kings removed their hats the emperor acknowledged their salutations by merely touching the brim of his cocked hat with his forefinger. He then drove with the two kings to Malmaison and, getting out of his carriage, casually remarked: "I am going to see the empress. Would you mind waiting for me?" The royal pair seemed to have been forgotten, for they sat in silent expectation for nearly an hour. Finally they noticed some of the imperial footmen playing cards. The king of Bavaria then laughingly remarked to the king of Saxony: "What a pity we haven't got a pack of cards. Since he treats us in this way we might at least follow the servants' example and pass the time playing pic quet."—New York Tribune.

Bolivian Runners.

"Every one who has read the histories of the Incas," writes an Englishman, "has marveled at the tales of the native runners who were a feature in the civilization of that period. Some of this race of men still remain. When in Bolivia I have often had a telegram delivered at the station, forty miles away, and an answer received and brought back by the same man, all including the journey of eighty miles, not occupying more than eighteen hours. The man was well content to receive two Bolivian dollars, or 75 cents in American money, for the service. I saw a man who delivered a message 200 miles away and brought an answer back, covering within six days and nights 400 miles. As he did this work for a native, his charge was five Bolivian dollars, about $1.87 American, out of which he provided his own food."

By Wire and Air.

An accidental experiment in the velocity of sound is recounted by a correspondent. He went to his telephone, and just as he put the receiver to his ear he heard the click of another telephone. Another receiver had been removed and the line was open.

Then he heard through the telephone the shriek of a locomotive whistle, and a few seconds later the sound came through the open window in the usual way. Looking up, he saw a locomotive half a mile away, passing the house of a friend.

The mystery was solved. The telephone that was open was that at the distant house, and the sound of the whistle had come through its transformation into an electric current quicker than it had traveled through the air.

Soap That Floats.

A floating soap is produced by the mass of soap being "beaten" while it is cooling, just as we beat eggs or batter. This incorporates air into the soap and makes it float. A given bulk of floating soap weighs much less than the same bulk of soap that does not float. One hundred pounds of soap beaten will make many more cakes of a given size of floating soap not beaten. It is due to no ingredient. Any soap will float if beaten. A soap is no better because it floats. This is no sign of a good soap. The only advantage is in being able to find the cake more easily if it be dropped into the bath or wash tub. In soap factories the soap is beaten by machinery.

Routing Burglars.

"You can't lose my wife."

"No?"

"Well, listen. I was away from home for three days last week. One night she heard burglars, the same burglars that she has been hearing ever since we were married. I'll make them think there's a man in the house,' she decided. So she put on a pair of my shoes and tramped about on the hardwood floors for an hour to scare them away. My wife is a diplomat."—Cleveland Leader.

Bent Water Pipes.

It is calculated that one right angle bend in a pipe through which water flows will make necessary 9 per cent more pressure for a given flow than is required for a straight pipe of like size and structure. With three sharp bends at right angles the pressure needed is 13 per cent more than that which is used in a straight pipe.

A Careful Judge.

This story is related of an old time judge: During a session of court there was so much talking and laughter going on that the judge, becoming angry and confused, shouted in great wrath: "Silence, there! We have decided half a dozen cases this morning, and I have not heard a word of one of them!"

Dangerous.

Binks—That long tunnel on the P., D. and Q. is a very dangerous place.

Jinks—Why, there hasn't been an accident there for years.

Binks—But within the past week four young couples have started through it free as air and come out engaged.

Arms and Their Uses.

Jessie—What made you remain such a long time in the conservatory with that young lieutenant? Bessie—Our conversation turned to war, and he was showing me how an officer should use his arms.

Medical.

A Rochelle physician was called to attend a boy who swallowed a couple of pennies. When he returned a friend asked, "How is your patient?" "No change yet," was the reply.—Mount Morris Index.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1090 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Queer People.

Herr Eberhard van Schkopp, who explored the interior of the Kamerons district in western Africa, gave an interesting account of the native tribe called the Bakoko. They are, he thought, of Semitic origin and, having lived in the Kauderuns district only about 200 years, are called strangers by other natives. They govern by means of a "council of elders," whose duty it is to judge offenders guilty or guiltless. If guiltless they are set free. If guilty they are put to death, this being the only form of punishment known there.

According to the gravity of the crime, the manner of execution varies and may be "simple" or "complicated." "Simple" execution means being thrown to the crocodiles. "Complicated" execution consists of being fastened to a tree and left to be eaten by casual visitors, such as lions and tigers, of being tortured until death comes.

Cannibalism is practiced by the Bakokos, not because they especially care for the flavor of the meat, but because they feel that by eating every particle of an enemy they are subjecting him to the greatest indignity conceivable.

An Ancient Highland Custom.

In the western highlands of Scotland an ancient custom, suggestive of the pre-Christian days, is still in force. When a child is born all the old women of the neighborhood meet in the house and place a straw rope around the child's neck. At the same time they chant a curious charm, which is supposed to ward off fairies and evil spirits. So great an importance do the inhabitants attach to this ceremony that they believe it would be a "tempting of Providence" to neglect it. When any one dies the relatives dig the grave, taking the greatest possible care to remove every stone from the mold. Stones in the grave interfere, it is said, with the rest of the dead. Also they are particular to cut the turf which is to cover the mound in one piece, as otherwise they believe water would get into the grave and make the body uncomfortable.

Genius at Her Feet.

Mrs. Yorke, wife of the dean of Worcester, once described an incident of her acquaintance with Thackeray. She happened, she said, to be sitting one evening between Thackeray and Jacob Omnium, whose build was even more gigantic than Thackeray's own. Conversation, from some cause unknown, was languishing, when Thackeray turned to her and said, "Mrs. Yorke, why are you so silent?"—"I am overwhelmed by the greatness of you two," she replied, glancing right and left at their massive frames. Thereupon, moved by common impulse, Thackeray and Jacob slid from their chairs and sat on the ground at her feet, "as a slight token of homage to one whose wit equaled her beauty."

High Thinking and Old Age.

That mental power helps to keep the body strong and to preserve it from decay cannot be doubted. The longest lived men and women have been, as a rule, those who have attained great mental and moral development. They have lived on a higher plane than other men, in a serene upper region, above the jar, tumult and fret that weaken most lives. It was at the age of seventy-five that the Count de Tressan recomposed his old chivalric romances and wrote a history of the progress of the human mind. Herbert Spencer, one of the deepest thinkers and hardest workers of his day, passed away at the age of eighty-three.—William Matthews in Saturday Evening Post.

Excess and Deficiency.

Error and evil are located in deficiency or excess. Even excess in virtue is evil, an excess of humility being abjectness; of courage, rashness; of prudence, cowardice; of patience, indifference; of economy, parsimony; of generosity, waste; of deference, obsequiousness. And so also an excess of learning is pedantry; of ease, indolence; of comfort, self indulgence; of zeal, fanaticism. Right and justice are found in moderation, in the golden mean, in the true balance, between overdoing and underdoing, going too fast and too slow.—From "Balance: The Fundamental Verity," by Orlando J. Smith.

A Perfect Altruist.

Charles Kingsley was once talking of his wife to the mother of Canon Tetley of Bristol cathedral.

"She is the sweetest, kindest hearted woman in the world," he said enthusiastically. "Why, Mrs. Tetley, if my wife were going to be executed her first anxiety would be that any one who wished to see it might get a good place."

Home and Club.

Mrs. Von Blumer—Why don't you take your business friend to your club instead of bringing him home? Von Blumer—Because I want to talk business to him. I don't want to take him to a place where he is going to enjoy himself.

Just Complaint.

Borroughs—I don't see why he wouldn't lend me the $5 I wanted. Newitt—No. He certainly couldn't ask for a more permanent investment.—Exchange.

All In the Family.

Mrs. Cloak—I'm so sorry the dressmaker I recommended to your wife did not give her a fit. Mr. Soak—Never mind. Her bill gave me one.

Something Coming to Him.

Maisie—Funny, isn't it, that Algernon doesn't smoke? Daisie—Well, he will soon. I overheard papa say that he was going to fire him.

The way to be nothing is to do nothing.—German Proverb.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

Dog's Memory of a Bee Sting.

"Something must have stung your dog," said a resident of this city to a suburbanite, whom he was visiting a few days ago, as he noticed the antics of a large collie which, after snapping frantically at a flying insect, lowered his head and carefully licked his right forepaw.

"No," replied the owner of the dog, "that is only a little delusion of his. When he was a puppy a bee stung him on that foot you see him attending to, and ever since he has cherished a standing grudge against flying insects. Apparently the sight of one not only arouses his anger, but recalls most vividly his first experience with one, for each time after running after one, whether he catches it or not, he stops and tenderly licks the place where he was stung two years ago. As far as I know he has never been stung since then."—Philadelphia Press.

Shark's Death by Drowning.

While herring fishing in Dublin bay on one occasion the steam trawler Royalist landed in its net a shark ten feet in length and weighing nearly half a ton. Paradoxical as it may appear, the shark had met with his death by drowning. The ropes had caught in his gills, so injuring them as to render them useless. The shark had evidently been pursuing a big shoal of herring and had driven them into the net and could not himself escape.—London Chronicle.

Divorce Laws in Sweden.

The divorce laws of Sweden are elastic. When the incompatibility of temper reaches the culminating point one of the parties proceeds to Copenhagen, the nearest foreign town, which is only twelve hours distant, and remains there for fourteen days, notifying the Swedish consulate, which circumstances are regarded as legal evidence of desertion and sufficient ground for divorce.

His and Her Work.

"Woman overworked? Fudge! Think of the men!"

"Ah, but you know the old saying, 'Woman's work is never done.'"

"I know it, and that's the reason she oughtn't to complain. A man has to do his work or lose his job."

Preaching and Practice.

She—Papa is preaching a sermon tonight on "Love One Another." He—And we are staying at home practicing what he preaches, aren't we?—Chicago Journal.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

NEW DILL PICKLES

very fine flavored.

NEW SWEET AND SOUR PICKLES

bulk and in bottles.

Pure Maple Syrup, Home-made and pure buckwheat flour.

Try some of our Michigan potatoes and see how fine they cook

Tomatoes, full standards, 3 for 25c. Broken tea leaves, all values, mixed, at 15c lb., 2 pounds for 25c. Make a good cup of tea.

Try Apitezo and Brittle Bitts for a cooked breakfast food. They are our best sellers.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Fall and Winter Shoes. . . . .

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Norris.)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store.

Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

Wells Pharmacy.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 24, 1904.

ANOTHER tenement fire occurred in New York last Sunday night in which twelve lives were lost.

ALTON B. PARKER, the late Democratic candidate for President, has opened a law office in New York city.

A VOLUNTARY increase in the wages of the freight train crews of the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg has been announced, which will increase the monthly payroll by about $90,000 for working overtime. The announcement of the increase brought to light the fact that trouble between the officials and employes on all lines west of Pittsburg had been settled.—Pittsburg Times.

WHEN a leading Southern newspaper, the Atlanta Constitution, begins a consideration of the symptoms and needs of the Democratic party by calling for the exclusion of all "mugwumps," that is to say, independent voters, from its ranks and councils, we really think the New York Times is entirely justified in making the following caustic rejoinder: The Southern Democrats have to vote "solid" because of the color question. Nobody, we believe, has advised the party to get rid of them. All other Democrats have by one plan or another been eliminated.

THE record of the voting machines in use at the recent election in New York and in New Jersey is in striking contrast with that of the bulky ballot in Pennsylvania. The voting machines according to all accounts, did their work satisfactorily and expeditiously, some improvements having been made since the previous election. The 100,000 defective ballots in this State show the need of machines or something else. The prompt announcement of the result by the machines is one of the advantages of that method of voting. In time they will probably come into general use.—Philadelphia Press.

ANY man old enough to remember what the old-fashioned Thanksgiving Day in England was, must be impressed by the change that has been brought about in the observance of the day. It is now virtually a national holiday. In the old time very bold were they who ventured upon any frivolous amusement or public festival until after there had been the solemn service of worship in the churches and a long sermon with a specially strong political flavor. It was almost universally expected that the preacher would ventilate his views on great public issues and he rarely disappointed those who went in crowds to church.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
Washington, D. C., Nov. 19, 1904.

The promptness with which the President punishes wrong doing, insubordination and unprofessional conduct in office, illustrated by the recent dismissal of three judges in Alaska, whose integrity was called in question, a clerk in the Postoffice department and a surgeon in the army, who, being a married man, professed to be single, is only equaled by the hearty endorsement he gives to those who have served him and the public well. Those in the employ of the Executive branch of the government know by this time exactly what to expect from President Roosevelt. Witness the two letters from his hand this week called forth by the resignation of Pension Commissioner Ware, and Col. Hecker, one of the engineers of the Panama Canal Commission. The letter to Mr. Ware, in which the President tells him he knows of no other man who has ever conducted the great bureau so economically and with such satisfaction to all concerned, is a stunning rebuke to those who have indulged in carping criticism at the Commissioners expense, owing to some little eccentricities of his personality. It is doubtful if any other public servant ever received such a glowing letter of commendation and friendship from any President.

The forthcoming President's Message is now a matter of consideration at the White House as well as of speculation in the community. Much of it can be easily forecasted. It will not be a very long message. The order has been given to the chiefs of bureaus to make their reports short and to the point. Naturally the President will refer with satisfaction to the fact that many of his invitations to the nations to join in a second peace conference at the Hague have been accepted. The progress of the negotiations for arbitration treaties will be mentioned with satisfaction. Other topics which can be justly mentioned with pride are the peaceful relations America sustains with all the nations of the world; the domestic prosperity which has prevailed during the past year; the progress of the preliminary work upon the Panama canal; the peace which prevails in the Philippines and the development of that country; the success of the World's Fair at St. Louis, the last installment of the loan of $5,000,000 having been recouped into the Treasury; the work accomplished and and proposed in matters of irrigation and forestry; the proposed revision of the tariff; the necessity which exists for building a great navy; the need of a change in the laws relating to the inspection of steamboats; the recent army manoeuvers at Manassas; regret at the continuance of the war in the East, and a summary of the reports from various departments.

It is the opinion of politicians in Washington that no extra session of Congress will be called; that the President will not now propose any legislation looking to a decrease of representation in the House on account of the disfranchisement of the negro vote in the South. There are reports to the effect that in due time the President contemplates making a tour of the South.

Austro-Hungary has accepted President Roosevelt's invitation to participate in the second peace conference at the Hague. More acceptances are expected within a few weeks, which, if received, will enable Secretary Hay to formulate a programme.

The renunciation of the Catholic faith by Marquise de Moustiers, known when a resident of this city as Miss Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, has been a general topic of conversation, and surprise. No reasons have been given for her change and no action has been taken by the Catholic church. Some fifteen years ago Miss Caldwell, with her sister, lived in this city in the large house once occupied by Lord Lyons when he was the British Minister to the States. It was in 1884 that Miss Caldwell gave $300,000 of her fortune of two millions of dollars, towards founding the Catholic University of America. To this amount her young sister added a gift of $50,000. Miss Caldwell also founded two chairs in the University, endowing them with $10,000 each. Your correspondent often met Miss Caldwell before her marriage and found her to be a brilliant, cultivated and spirited young woman, entertaining and aristocratic in her bearing. She cut a wide social swath. Many people of note were received at her home. More than once she had Cardinal Gibbons for a dinner guest. At the present time the Marquise must be about forty years of age. Her health is represented as being very delicate.

One of the most important discoveries ever made by the Department of Agriculture is the fact that the common legumes—"pod forming" plants such as peas, beans, clover, alfalfa, vetches, etc. may be successfully fertilized by the use of nitrogen fixing bacteria. The process consists in inoculating the seed, or the soil, by using the culture fluid which is filled with the bacteria. The Department gives instructions for making this fluid. Dr. George T. Moore is the man who has succeeded in making the discovery practical. It has long been known that on the roots of the plants named are numbers of rounded bulbs, called nodules, the habitation of millions of microbes which are continually absorbing nitrogen from the air and converting it into food for the plant. Dr. Moore discovered how these germs can be gathered and multiplied and finally distributed with the soil or seed, infusing nitrogen into the life of the plant. The Department is now sending out free to all applicants millions of the germs packed in cotton, with directions for use. A large number of orders are coming from California, where the planting of peas and alfalfa is in progress, with the intent of enriching the soil for citrus fruits. After sowing the land with the bacteria it has been known to increase the yield of potatoes 50 per cent, oats 300 per cent, wheat 46 per cent, and cotton 40 per cent. Those writing to the Department for the bacteria should state the time of planting, the kind of seed, and the amount to be treated.

Appearances indicate that the President intends to have a Cabinet of comparatively young men. The rumor that Senator Spooner would be made Attorney General may be disposed of by the fact that that position has been offered to ex-Governor Black of New York. But as his law practice is worth $100,000 annually it is hardly probable that he will take the place at a salary of $8,000.

The Good Old Way.

A severe cold or attack of la grippe is like a fire, the sooner you combat it, the better your chances are to overpower it. But few mothers in this age are willing to do the necessary work required to give a good old-fashioned reliable treatment such as would be administered by their grandmothers, backed by Boschee's German Syrup, which was always liberally used in connection with the home treatment of colds and is still in greater household favor than any known remedy. But even without the application of the old-fashioned aids German Syrup will cure a severe cold in quick time. It will cure colds in children or grown people. It relieves the congested organs, allays the irritation, and effectively stops the cough. Any child will take it. It is invaluable in a household of children. Trial size bottle, 25c; regular size, 75c. For sale by H. C. Wells.

Lowest Rates to St. Louis and Return

Via the Nickel Plate Road. Stopover allowed at Chicago on all World's Fair tickets, and at Cleveland, on all except the coach excursion tickets. For particulars see local ticket agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Ladies call at Rubin's shoe store for the Acme Cushion shoe.

OLEAN'S BIG DEP'T. STORE

BELL BROS.

WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S COATS.

It is an indisputed fact we sell better coats for women and children for less money than any other dealer in Olean, besides offering larger assortment. This well known cloak room is continually gaining new customers, because more and more are learning the profit of buying here.

50 WOMEN'S COATS CONSISTING OF TOURIST AND THREE QUARTER LENGTHS, IN BLACK, BROWN AND THE NEW MANNISH EFFECTS. THESE ARE REGULAR $15.00 VALUES. WE OFFER THE ENTIRE LOT. CHOICE $10.00

FURNITURE FURNITURE

No place like Bell's to buy Furniture. An expression often heard not only in Olean, but towns 50 miles distant. This immense Furniture Dept. is now filled with the very best of everything for the Holiday trade, and we request you to make an early inspection, while lines are complete. Any purchase now made will be delivered when desired free of charge.

The attractions of our Furniture Dept. are its prices, for example 3 piece oak bedroom suit, cotton top mattress, choice of woven or coil spring, this outfit complete $24.00

White enamel bed with woven wire spring cotton top mattress, this complete $6.48

5 piece parlor suits, mahogany finished frames, best velour covery. This suit complete, only $20.00

Solid oak side boards, extra large size, large French Plate Mirror, lined drawer for silverware. Our very low price.... $13.50

WE PAY FREIGHT AND GUARANTEE SAFE DELIVERY ON ALL PURCHASES.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of S. W. N. Y.

DO NOT FAIL TO LOOK.

Have just returned from New York where I purchased a very large line of Holiday Goods, as well as the most correct novelties in Ladies' Neckwear, belts, girdles, fancy combs and many other goods that comprise Ladies Furnishings. Do not fail to see my Japanese Goods, especially Vantine's Sachet, Talcum Powder and Soaps.

M. L. BISETT,
THE CITY STORE.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1904,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

I.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, fronting 65 feet front on Jefferson street in said City, and known and described as Lot No. 111 according to the Jefferson Street Facing assessment map made by the city engineers of the City of Bradford and filed on record in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, Pennsylvania, February 8th, 1899, in Deed book, Vol. 103, page 500.

Improved and having thereon a two story frame building used as a store and dwelling.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of W. H. Halley at the suit of the City of Bradford.

B. P. Schoonmaker, Plaintiff's Attorney.

CHAS. E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1904.

Clerk's Notice in Bankruptcy

In the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania, John R. McCarty of McKean county, Pennsylvania, a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, having applied for a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Act, notice is hereby given to all known creditors and other persons in interest, to appear before the said Court at Pittsburgh, in said District, on the 9th day of December, 1904, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

WILLIAM T. LINDSEY, Clerk.

C. A. BURDICK
—DEALER IN—
Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds, Wheeler & Wilson Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing old and reliable Fire, Life, Accident and Sickness Insurance Companies.

C. A. BURDICK
Main St. Smethport, Pa.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cas Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single & double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

EXCLUSIVE SHOE DEPARTMENT | BROWN | MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT

Everything that is brown is strictly in it. Brown Suits, Brown Overcoats, Brown Hats, Brown Neckwear and Brown Hosiery. In fact everything brown.

Watch for window display.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

.....WE STILL GIVE PURPLE STAMPS.....

I have just received for your inspection my new line of

FALL DRESS GOODS

in the latest weaves and quality, prices to suit all. Call and look them over.

Plaids for children's school dresses at 15c the yard, good values.

I wish to call your attention to my new stock of

WALKING SKIRTS

made up of the latest cloths.

Many other new fall goods too numerous to mention are on my counters and shelves.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

October 4, 1904.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Have you used PALMER'S PERFUMES

If not do so. We carry a fine stock of these goods and feel sure they will please you. Also a full line of

Drugs, Medicines and Toilet Articles

In fact everything to make up a first class drug store.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."
16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

The Lindholm Company

DRY GOODS CLOAKS CARPETS SHOES

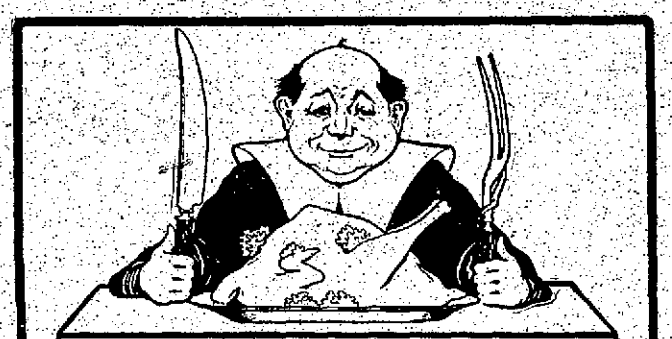
The Newest Changeable Silks in Plain Colors and Fancies for Suits and Waists.

Beauties.

Comprising all the Newest Weaves and Colorings selected from the best manufacturers' lines. Six grades of 36 inch Black Taffeta Silk. Priced from 49c to $1.50 per yd.

Everything in Silks. Prices the Lowest.

Fancy Buttons of all Conceivable Shapes and Designs



Thanksgiving Sale Cutlery.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK'S MAKE.

The man who carves will appreciate one of our Carving Sets because he's sure of getting a knife that will carve, not haggle the meat.

Redfield's Hardware

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 24, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Give thanks.

—Masquerade ball at the hose house to-night.

—All swell dressers should read Monheimer's new ad.

—Silks are advertised by the Lindholm Co. this week.

—Richard Hurley is building a new house on Marvin street.

—The barber shops will be closed in this place Thanksgiving Day.

—Dr. and Mrs. John Clark entertained the whist club last Thursday evening.

—Record Stock Company Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

—Mrs. M. L. Bissett of the City Store has a new and interesting ad in this issue.

—The new window glass factory at Mt. Jewett commenced making glass on Monday.

—Nan Patterson's trial for the murder of "Cezar" Young is on in New York this week.

—See "Si Plunkard" this (Wednesday) evening at the Lyceum. The best show of its kind on the road.

—It is reported that F. W. Hussey of this place is going to open a meat market in Bolivar in the near future.

—The Rev. P. S. Calvin will preach the Thanksgiving sermon at the Methodist church Thursday at 10:30 a. m.

—A party of ladies were entertained at tea by Mrs. E. T. Daly last Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. Leo. McCabe of Erie.

—Record Stock Company in a repertoire of up-to-date plays for three nights, beginning Monday of next week at the Lyceum.

—Those who heard the Canadian Colored Concert Company last night, pronounced it first class.—Alex D. Decker, Union, N. Y.

—A large number of ladies were guests of Mrs. W. F. Specht at her home on West King street Saturday afternoon. Cards were the form of amusement and refreshments were served.

—As is his custom, H. H. Mullin, editor of the Cameron County Press, will give a turkey to each widow in Emporium for Thanksgiving. Turkeys come high but Editor Mullin will not see the widows suffer.

—Ezra Hakes, an old and respected citizen of Eldred township, died on Wednesday of last week. He is survived by his widow and eight children, two of whom are Mrs. Fannie Grigsby and Mrs. Anna Bills of Smethport.

—On account of Thanksgiving Day we go to press on Wednesday this week.

—Nine young ladies graduated from the Bradford hospital last Monday night as trained nurses.

—Don't forget the window glass workers benefit dance at the Lyceum Thanksgiving night.

—On Thursday night of last week a sorrel horse was stolen from the premises of W. J. Reddish at Dallas City. The animal had one hind shoe off and by this was tracked as far as Rixford.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (Advent Sunday) there will be celebrations of the Holy Communion at 8:00 and at 10:30 a. m. Evening service at 6:30. The subject of the Advent season is the "Coming of Christ."

—It is reported that a new trolley line will soon be built between Eldred and Gilmor, connecting at the latter place with the Olean, Rock City and Bradford line. The proposed line is to be 14 miles long and will pass through Duke Centre.

—The nude and headless body of an unknown man was found in the woods near Shamokin, Pa., on last Friday. Five bullet holes were found in the body which is conclusive evidence of a murder. The head and clothing could not be found.

—Because so many girls of the Washington, Pa., schools are "dopy" has led the directors of that place to investigate and they discovered that the girls were addicted to cigarette smoking. Efforts are being made to stop this pernicious habit.

—An Italian count, according to a dispatch, is to marry a Pittsburg heiress. Consideration, $50,000 down and $10,000 annually. The heiress is Miss Elizabeth Howe and the groom expectant, Count Cini of Rome. He is considered a rare bargain.

—On Thanksgiving Day at St. Luke's church the service will be at 10:30 a. m. The old familiar hymns of praise will be sung with a Thanksgiving anthem. The service will last one hour and will begin promptly at 10:30 a. m. The offerings will be for general missions.

—Elof Johnson, while in a fit of despondency, threw himself in front of a passenger train as it was pulling out of Johnsonburg on Saturday, the 12th inst. and was cut in two and both hands cut off. He was 33 years old and generally worked in the woods. He had one sister and two brothers in Ridgway.

—In speaking of a prominent business man of this place, who acted as interpreter at court last week the Bradford Era says: Mr. Wm. Monheimer of the "Famous" clothing store at Smethport is acting in the capacity of interpreter in a very efficient manner, and is receiving many compliments for the ability displayed in the transaction of his arduous duties.

—"God's Revelation of Himself" is the title of a series of sermons to be given at the Methodist church on successive Sunday mornings by the pastor, beginning next Sunday. "Lights and Shadows in the Slums of Chicago" will be presented in stereoptican views Sunday evening.

—In the obituary notice in last week's paper the word "fresh" was printed instead of the word "great." The word printed "open-wide" was not in the copy, the word for "wide" was "will" following the word "open." We regret these errors which changed the reading and meaning.

—Earl King died at the County Home on Thursday last, aged 21 years, the cause of his death being consumption. The remains were taken to Humphrey, N. Y., for burial. Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Curry of Foster Brook, uncle and aunt of the young man, are his only relatives in this vicinity.

—The Oil City Blizzard, a most observant newspaper, says that people who contemplate dying would do well to prepare obituary notices of themselves for the newspapers, because their relatives frequently do not display enough interest in the matter to furnish the data for the press. The Blizzard's suggestion is a good one.

—Alderman Thomas Osborne of the First Ward of Bradford died at his home last Thursday evening after an illness of five weeks with a complication of ailments. Mr. Osborne was 50 years old and had been a resident of Bradford for 24 years. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Sophia R. Reilly formerly of Smethport, and one daughter, Miss Rose.

—The tenth robbery in six weeks occurred at Knapps Creek on Saturday, when Jacob Hartzfelt's house was entered and two watches, several guns, and some clothing were taken. The county officers have been notified of the case. Mrs. Hartzfelt was in Bradford at the time so the thief had plenty of time to go through the house, which he did from cellar to garret. It is only a few days ago that the office of the Angell Oil company was entered.—Olean Herald.

—An exchange is responsible for the following, which if true is wonderful: A Wilkesbarre man has a dog trained to search the streets for money, and which has found and brought to his master $127 since June 1st. Many of his finds are small coins, pennies and nickels, but his last was a two dollar bill. His remarkable instinct was shown by the fact that he carried home a check he came across, which proved to be good. The dog is repaid by a dainty for every such find and seems to be a dog worth having.

—The Junior Auxiliary of St. Luke's church wish to call your attention to the Ladies' Home Journal booth which will be one of the chief features at their fair Dec. 7. This is a beautiful booth and all the readers of the Ladies' Home Journal should come and see it. There will be displayed 20 of the reproductions of the beautiful pictures which have been in the Journal during the past year. If you want to take the Journal next year go the fair and give them your subscription or renew it, which will help them, and also give you that most interesting magazine for one year. Last year this booth was seen at 2000 church fairs and everywhere was pronounced as most beautiful and attractive.

Important Notice.

Notice is hereby given that hereafter the ordinance of this borough relative to obstruction of streets and sidewalks and nuisance, and depositing refuse matter, papers, etc, in the streets of the borough, and being ordinance No. 19, and providing for fines and penalties on convictions for violations thereof, will be strictly enforced, as therein provided.

CHAS. MCKEAN, Burgess.

LYCEUM THEATRE

THREE NIGHTS

COMMENCING

Monday, November 28

PRESENTING

Miss Cora Lawton Mitchell

AND THE

RECORD STOCK COMPANY

IN THE GREAT EMOTIONAL DRAMA

A Woman's Revenge

A Strong Company of Metropolitan Features.

NEW SPECIALTIES, NEW FEATURES

See the New Moving Pictures and Electrical Dances.

MLLE SOUSA

the lady with the doves. A high salaried feature act.

HEAR NEW ILLUSTRATED SONGS.

CHANGE OF BILL EACH NIGHT.

POPULAR PRICES

10, 20 and 30c.

Reserved seats on sale at H. C. Wells' Drug Store.

Personal Mention.

Orlo J. Hamlin was a visitor in Olean this week.

Mrs. D. M. Sheehan was a visitor in Olean Saturday.

A. M. Boardman of Bradford was a visitor in town Monday.

—H. L. Wilson of Glassboro, N. J., is a guest of friends in town.

A. B. Hill and wife of Bradford were guests of Smethport friends on Monday.

Miss Ethel Folger of Geneva, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bradley of Bradford are guests of their daughter, Mrs. W. J. Kerr.

Mrs. Carrie Smith of Bradford spent Sunday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Warley Gifford.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Henderson leave to-morrow for a few days' visit with friends in Warren.

Editor C. O. Laymon of the Port Allegany Reporter, was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Mrs J. C. Backus and Miss Bessie Blake, spent Sunday in Eldred the guest of their parents.

Will Provin and sister, Miss Bessie Provin, of Bolivar were guests of Smethport friends over Sunday.

W. O. Herzog leaves on Thursday for Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he will receive treatment for rheumatism. His brother, Leo, accompanies him.

Nothing to Fear.

Judge Rockwood Hoar, brother of Senator Hoar, was noted as a wit as well as a jurist. Shortly before his death, as his daughter entered his room in the morning, he said: "My dear, I had a dream last night, and in it I saw the angel of death sitting at the foot of my bed. At first I was horribly frightened, but as I gazed at my visitor my fears vanished. He wore a fur cap."—Brooklyn Life.

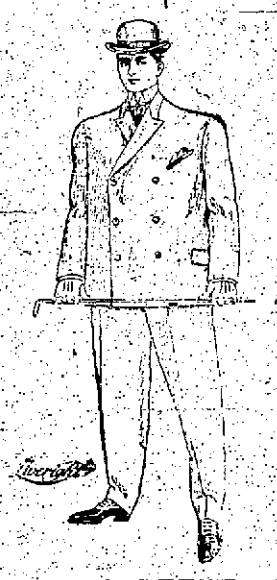
Desirable Building Lots.

I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on or address Harry L. Backus, MINER office.

A full stock of Peters and Winchester loaded shotgun shells and hunters' sundries of all kinds always on hand.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin.

C. H. Gleason pays cash for hydes and furs.



MANY MEN

Hitherto accustomed to having their clothes "made to measure" are now our regular patrons. They have learned that they get here a better fit, more becoming Clothes and save themselves a lot of time and annoyance. Suits and Overcoats from $10.00 to $15.00.

WM. MONHEIMER.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Saturday, Nov. 26th.

CELEBRATED CANADIAN COLORED CONCERT COMPANY

10 JUBILEE ARTISTS 10

THE ONLY JUBILEE COMPANY THAT STARS ITS SOLOISTS.

ONLY JUBILEE COMPANY CARRYING AN ORCHESTRA.

PRICES 25, 35, 50c

Seats on sale at H. C. Wells' Drug Store.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BELL 'PHONE — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

FRY & COMES

Successors to Fry & Herzog.

THIS STORE WILL BE CLOSED THANKSGIVING DAY.

LINENS.

At this season the housewife's thoughts naturally turn to fine table linens. How is your stock? Perhaps you'll want a pretty new cloth for the Thanksgiving dinner.

Just now we have particularly good assortments and special values so that you can do your replenishing to good advantage.

Along with the piece goods up to $1.50 per yard with napkins to match we have some swell pattern sets, cloth and napkins, 2¼ yards @ $6.00 set and 3 yards @ $7.00 set, which we are sure will please you.

PICTURES.

The Holiday pictures have arrived. For the benefit of those who like to make their selection before the Christmas crowds make shopping difficult we place them on sale now in the new basement.

You'll pronounce them a fine lot and modestly priced we know. All sorts from 10c up.

FRY & COMES.

FROM MILL DIRECT TO RETAILER.

NEVER BEFORE

Has there been shown such a complete stock of

Horse Blankets

as we are offering this season.

Remember we save you the jobber's profit as we are the manufacturer's agents for the celebrated Northern Ohio Blanket Mills, and carry a greater variety of all grades and patterns than any other house.

Street Blankets, all wool, plain and fancy guaranteed fast colors, large and extra large sizes, Stable Blankets, Burlaps or Ducks in different weight and colors, quarter, half and full lined, bound neck and breast with 2 wide, heavy sursingles, the kind that have to stay on.

A full line of Plush and Wool Robes guaranteed to bear the most critical inspection.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES

DIAMONDS

We are offering great bargains at the present time. Your money is well spent when you invest it in Diamonds.

WATCHES

WATCH REPAIRING
DIAMOND SETTING
AND ENGRAVING

7 MAIN ST. PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

HEADQUARTERS

For Ladies' and Children's Wearing Apparel.

We are prepared for the largest Winter Business in our history. Large stocks rightly bought and low priced is a combination that cannot be beat and spells quick sales.

Of course the choicest bargains go first.

Buy your Winter Hat now. We have a large and complete assortment.

Just received a new lot of Winter Waists, latest styles and colors. Also can show you an elegant line of silk petticoats Quality guaranteed.

Mercerized skirts from 98c to $2.75.

Do not fail to look at our new line of Rain Coats, Ladies' and Children's Coats, Furs, Gloves, Belts, Underwear, etc.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

It Isn't Too Early

To Think About

Boys' Clothes

Nor to Look at Clothes for Winter.

For the handsome things and novel things are snapped up quick.

The first comer get the choice of the stock.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store.

The Proposals of Paula

By OTHO B. SENGA

Copyright, 1901, by Otho B. Senga

The privileges and possibilities of leap year were under discussion.

"It is my opinion," said Paula in a judicial tone, "that woman ought always to be the proposer and man the—the proposee," coining the word with charming assurance.

"You would never dare," said one man tauntingly.

"I'll prove it. In fact, I'll propose, not only to one, but to seven."

The men surrounding her gave utterance to despairing groans, and the girl laughed enjoyably.

"I've made up my mind," she continued in a reflective tone, "that I really ought to become engaged this year."

"In that case," little Sawtelle began eagerly, "why not"—

"Consider you? That wouldn't do at all. I want the pleasure of making a proposal that shall be original with myself."

"You'll have some difficulty in choosing the 'proposee,'" declared Henderson gloomily.

"Oh, I think not," airily. "Not all the eligible men of my acquaintance have proposed to me. I can think of several, any one of whom I would be willing to marry if all the circumstances were favorable."

"Suppose the first one should accept?" suggested Dike Salter dismally.

There will not be any 'first.' There'll be seven simultaneous proposals—letter, and I shall be somewhere in—ding. The man who reaches my side first"—pausing as if to consider how to pile up the difficulties—"with a ring that fits my engagement finger—to him I'll say, 'Thou art the man!'"

The Spinsters' leap year ball was in progress at the Tuileries, the "Spinsters" being a coterie of the richest society girls, many of them buds in their first season.

Paula Pendleton's announcement was the climax to an evening of gayety.

"Do you really mean it, Miss Pendleton?" asked several.

"I am genuinely in earnest," she replied, laughing, "but I feel safe; my hiding place will not be discovered."

"Be careful lest you meet the fate of Genevra," warned a grave voice some distance from the laughing group.

"IS IT YOU, PAULA? AM I THE ONE TO FIND YOU?"

"Did you notice Kenneth Carter?" whispered one of the girls. "He looked so scornful, and at you, Paula!"

"Did he?" asked Paula indifferently. "He always looks scornful—or bored. It seems to be his natural expression."

It was hardly a bored expression that rested on Kenneth Carter's dark face as he bent over Paula's white hand in courteous adieu.

"You'd better take special notice of the size of my fingers," said the girl mockingly.

A dangerous light gleamed for an instant in his dark eyes, and the hot southern blood flamed in his veins.

Paula's greatest charm for him was an indescribable quality, a combination of purity and comradeship that robbed the most daring speech or act of all unwomanliness.

"I hope she won't do that," he thought uneasily on his way home. "It is only a girlish prank, but"—

The next evening as Carter sat chatting with his invalid mother a note and a small package were brought to him. The note was but a line: "Now is the accepting time. Are you coming?" It was signed with Paula Pendleton's name. He read it hastily and sprang to his feet in angry dismay. Then he handed the note to his mother and explained rapidly.

"Are you going?" she asked, hardly above her breath.

"No," he replied sternly. "I will not be a party to any such mockery of a thing that ought to be sacred. She is doubtless amusing herself as usual, and if there is a favored one among the seven he will know just where to look for her."

He turned sharply away, with choking throat and hot, stinging eyeballs.

"You do care, Kenneth," persisted his mother wistfully.

"Yes," he answered shortly, "I care. I care so much that I cannot tolerate the thought of her as a prize in a game of hide and seek."

"The package, Kenneth," Mrs. Carter suggested inquiringly.

He opened it quickly, gazing bewildered at the contents, a small, plain gold ring.

"What does it mean?" he asked confusedly.

"I think it means that you are not the only one who cares. She evidently doesn't intend you to fail for lack of a ring that fits. Now will you go?"

"Yes," he said quickly, "but I'll seek her at her home, as an honorable man should, not elsewhere."

He returned in an hour, with disappointment unmistakable in his face. His mother did not need to question him.

"I saw three or four men who, I am positive, were looking for her," he said in a slow, hard tone—"Van Horn, with his best pair, and little Sawtelle in his automobile. There's a dinner dance at Trumbull's tonight, and young Copper and Dike Salter came dashing out of there just as I was passing."

"Are you sure she isn't at home?"

"It was her own maid who came to the door. I feel sure that she would not deceive me. You know she is little Oscar Larson's sister."

"The boy who was injured and for whom you secured the damages?"

"Yes. The girl evidently knew all about this affair and realized the uselessness of my search, for she said in a very kind and gentle way, 'You'd better go home, Mr. Carter.'"

A faint flicker of a smile, instantly repressed, appeared at the corners of Mrs. Carter's mouth.

"But the ring, Kenneth," she persisted.

"Probably sent to raise my hopes and so make my failure all the more crushing," he answered bitterly.

"We will not speak of it again, dear little mother, and I will say good night now. I want to be alone."

"Before you go, dear, please bring me my embroidery from the library table."

He pushed aside the portieres and entered the library. A slender, girlish figure stood before the grate, and the dancing firelight fell in soft gleams upon her white dress and lent a bright glow to a face pale with emotion. Kenneth gave a sharp cry and sprang forward.

"Is it you, Paula? Is it really you? Am I the one to find you?"

"Did you want to find me, Kenneth?" she asked, half crying.

"Did I want to? Oh, Paula"—

He held her to his breast in silence and then bent and kissed the sweet mouth upraised to his.

It was after the announcement of the engagement that Paula exclaimed one day, looking into Kenneth's gloomy face: "What is the matter, Sir Doleful? Such an expression as that on the face of a newly engaged man is hardly flattering to his fiancee."

He answered slowly, "That night at the ball you said there were several whom you would be willing to marry."

"I did," Paula returned promptly, "but you may recall that I said also 'if all the circumstances were favorable.'"

"I can't see that that changes it any," he argued obtusely.

"You don't deserve to be told, but because you are so stupid I'll have to explain that the absolutely essential circumstance was that I should love the man. And lest you continue making yourself miserable for nothing I'll confess right now that you were the only one to whom I sent a note. Even then I was so dreadfully afraid you wouldn't come that I followed the note, and your mother 'aided and abetted' in a most shocking manner."

The Order of the Garter.

The Order of the Garter, the highest and most illustrious order of knighthood in Great Britain, was founded, says Selden, by King Edward III. on April 23, 1344. But some trace the origin of this order back to April 23, 1192, when Richard I. compelled twenty-six of his best knights to wear a thong of blue leather on the leg when fighting with the infidels. The generally accepted tradition, however, is that King Edward III. was dancing at a ball with the Countess of Salisbury when she dropped her garter, which the sovereign picked up and, at first, tied about his own leg. Observing, however, that this act excited a good deal of attention, he handed it back to the fair owner, with the words, "Honi soit qui mal y pense" ("Evil to him who evil thinks"), words still used as the motto of the order. The king said further that shortly they should see that garter advanced to so high an honor and renown as to account themselves happy to wear it.—Harper's Weekly.

No Need to Brag.

"Sir," began a creditor who met one of his victims in the street, "I sent you a bill in January."

"Yes, sir."

"And again in April."

"Yes, sir."

"And again in July."

"Yes, sir."

"And I presume you received one the other day."

"I did, sir."

"Well, sir; well, sir?" flustered the creditor.

"Well, you needn't feel so stuck up over it," replied the other as he lighted a cigar. "There are firms in this town who send me bills every month in the year, and they never stop me in the street to brag about it either. I detest such egotism, sir. Good morning."—Tit-Bits.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

HE COULD WAIT.

The Way Lafcadio Hearn Pushed Himself Into a Situation.

Lafcadio Hearn, at one time in his career was employed on a daily paper in Cincinnati.

He obtained the position by presenting his application in person to the editor.

"We don't need anybody at present," said the editor.

Hearn sat down on a chair, pulled a book out of his pocket, wiped his glasses and smiled.

"I said we don't need anybody," repeated the editor loudly.

"I heard you," replied Hearn affably. "I will just sit here until you happen to need somebody."

That editor was not long in needing Hearn.

For lack of anything better the new man was sent out for a descriptive story to be written in the steeple of the Catholic cathedral. When the story was handed in it proved to be a composition rivaling the word painting feats of a Ruskin or a Gautier.

He pictured the city as it looked from the steeple and imparted to his description something besides beauty. There was reality in it. Persons who had viewed the city from the steeple averred that the story was marvelous for photographic accuracy.

Now, Hearn was so nearsighted that ten feet from his nose all objects were misty and indistinct and it is doubtful if he could distinguish the nearest house from the point to which he had climbed.—News Letter.

THE COMPASS.

The Belief Was Once Held That It Disclosed Men's Thoughts.

A belief that the mariner's compass disclosed men's thoughts was entertained by a number of ancient Mexican companions and allies of Hernando Cortes. His habit of consulting his compass and chart in his advance through the country and the ease and assurance with which he reached whatever town or village he determined to make for tended to confirm this idea.

In the estimation of the Mexicans the compass was a universal oracle. Accordingly in one of the conspiracies which were set on foot against Cortes by the Aztecs a number of the natives, most likely innocent of what was in contemplation, were earnest in entreating Cortes to have recourse to his infallible guide, the compass, that he might ascertain for their mutual satisfaction that they at least were faithful. Cortes himself records the singular idea held of the powers of the magnetic needle by his Aztec associates and their request in a letter addressed to the Emperor Charles V. Their belief, he adds, was one in which he took care to confirm them.

TRUTH TRIUMPHS.

Life Is a Conflict, and Error Dies in the Struggle.

Life is a struggle. Wars end, but the war of the race—the antagonism of thought, the strife between men, between man and the forces external to him, within the soul of the individual—ends not save it be with extinction.

Error gains many a temporary triumph, but the final victory is with truth. There is substance in truth that in the last balance outweighs error.

Nature's process is by test and trial, by unfolding, changing, rippling up, undoing, redoing. By contrast and conflict she tries sincerity and treachery, honor and dishonor, fitness and unfitness, courage and cowardice, truth and error. The conflict of ideas between social and political systems and between creeds and philosophies is as rude as the conflict between the sea and land. Error dies in the struggle.—From "Balance: The Fundamental Verity," by Orlando J. Smith.

Fatal Applause.

An English lady snake charmer named Leyton was performing at a village called Vaelhlinger, in Rhenish Prussia, in a menagerie with a boa constrictor. This she permitted to coil round her neck and breast. Her courage met with thunders of applause from the spectators, who little dreamed that by their signs of approval they had sealed the poor charmer's death warrant. Such, however, proved to be the case; for, apparently infuriated at their demonstrations, the reptile tightened its coils and amid the shrieks of the public strangled the lady on the platform before anything could be done to assist her. The snake was immediately killed.

Cautious.

"Leonidas!" exclaimed Mr. Meekton's wife on his return from a journey, "I am at a loss to understand your conduct when we parted. I said goodby to you."

"Yes, Henrietta."

"Why didn't you say goodby in response?"

"I was just about to do so, Henrietta, but I checked myself. I was afraid you would accuse me of trying to have the last word again."

Declared His Intentions.

Mrs. Rusher—Has Mr. Goldcoin, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions, Mabel? Mabel—Yes, aunt. Mrs. Rusher—I am so glad! And what did he say? Mabel—He declared he would never marry.

Apt to Be Elusive.

"Pa, who are the 'authorities?'"

"They are the fellows who at critical times claim that they have no authority."—Cleveland Leader.

Beneath Her.

"Did Marjorie marry for love?"

"Oh, no. She is too well bred for that."—Life.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

SKILL IN WOODCRAFT

HOW THE BUSHMAN FINDS HIS WAY BY MEANS OF LANDMARKS.

Every Detail of a Route Over Which He Has Once Passed Is Photographed on the Brain of the Alert and Observing Trapper.

What appears marvelous and positively uncanny to a town person is simple to a bushman.

Years of continuous observation develop the bump of locality; every object has a place and meaning to a trapper; his eye is ever on the alert, and what his eye sees is photographed on the brain and remains there for future reference at any time he may require it.

This bump of locality is highly developed in all Indians and whites who have passed many years in the bush. Without the faculty of remembering objects a bushman could not find his way through the forests.

Provided the trapper has once passed from one place to another he is pretty sure to find his way through the second time even if years should have elapsed between the trips. Every object from start to finish is an index finger pointing out the right path. A sloping path, a leaning tree, a moss covered rock, a slight elevation in land, a cut in the hills, the water in the creek an odd looking stone, a blasted tree—all help as guides as the observant trapper makes his way through a pathless forest.

Of course this tax on the memory is not required of trappers about a settled part of the country, but I am telling of what is absolutely necessary for the safety of one's life in the faraway wilds of the north, where to lose one's self might mean death.

I followed an Indian guide once over a trail of 280 miles, whereon we snowshoed over mountains, through dense bush, down rivers and over lakes. To test my powers of a retentive memory the following winter, when dispatches again had to be taken to headquarters, I asked the Indian to allow me to act as guide, he following.

On that long journey of ten or twelve days, always walking and continually thinking out the road, I was in doubt only once. We were standing on the ice. A tongue of land stood out toward us, a bay on either side. The portage leaving the lake was at the bottom of one of these bays, but which? The Indian had halted almost on the tails of my snowshoes and enjoyed my hesitation, but said nothing. To be assured of no mistake I had to pass over the whole of last winter's trip in my mind's eye to the point on which we stood. Once the retrospect caught up with us, there was not further trouble. Our route was down the left hand bay.

When the Indian saw me start in that direction he said, "A-a-ke-pu-ka-tan" ("Yes, yes, you are able").

The most difficult proposition to tackle is a black spruce swamp. The trees are mostly of a uniform size and height, the surface of the snow is perfectly level, and at times our route lies miles through such a country, and should there be a dull leaden sky or a gentle snow falling there is nothing for the guide to depend on but his ability to walk straight.

It has been written time and again that the tendency, when there are no landmarks, is to walk in a circle.

By constant practice those who are brought up in the wilds acquire the ability to walk in a straight line. They begin by beating a trail from point to point on some long stretch of ice, and in the bush where any tree or obstruction bars the way they make up for any deviation from the straight course by a give and take process, so that the general line of march is straight.

During forty years in the country I never knew an Indian or white bushman to carry a compass. Apart from a black spruce swamp it would be no use whatever.

In going from one place to another the contour of the country has to be considered, and very frequently the "longest way round is the shortest way home." A ridge of mountains might lie between the place of starting and the objective point, and by making a detour round the spur one would easier reach his destination rather than to climb up one side and down the other.

If I were to tell you as a fact that when a bushman sees the track of some wild animal in the snow he can tell you not only the name of the animal, but if it was male or female, within an hour of the time the tracks were made, if it was calm or blowing and the direction of the wind at that time, and many other minor things, you would think this wonderful. Yet, as wonderful as this may appear and hardly to be credited, an Indian boy of ten or twelve can read this page from nature as easily as one of us can read a page of print.—Forest and Stream.

Trademarks.

The practice of employing a mark to denote the goods of a particular trader grew out of the use of signs, which were of great antiquity, but it is difficult to assign a date to the origin of trademarks proper. They were apparently in use in the time of Elizabeth, but the first recorded case is in 1783, when it was decided that the sale of a certain medicine under the mark of another trader was fraudulent.

No satisfactory law was passed, however, until 1862, when the first British trademark registry was established. This law was repealed by the patent designs and trademarks act of 1883, the principal clauses of the old act being incorporated into this new one, and all proceedings for the registration of trademarks are now regulated by the patents acts, a special branch of the patent office being devoted to this work.

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Official Directory

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Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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Member of Congress—S. E. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. E. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffith, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—E. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tena Raymer, secretary, G. E. Mayo, treasurer, W. A. Gottschalk, H. H. Reddell, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer
Justices—B. J. Knapp, R. C. Gleason
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Angle, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Widder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ayres.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
W. A. ANDORFER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. EPHRIKIAN, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
J. O. CUNNINGHAM, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIPPEN, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PRINCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 2 p. m in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FONEYETH, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ALICE HEATLEY, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABNEY, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord S. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 29, 1900.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.
Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:03 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:55 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 p. m., New York 10:12 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:53 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:28 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m., Baltimore 3:30 a. m., Washington 4:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sunbury and Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M Lv.		Ar P M
2:50	Ridgway	12 01
3:40	Johnsonburg	11:35
3:55	Glen Hazel	11:19
3:07	Straight	11:07
3:15	Instanter	11:02
3:20	Smith's Run	10:55
3:29	Woodvale	10:45
3:35	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 9, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD, General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Genl Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 30th, 1901, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Nansen, Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate; and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

5:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. East and West, and at Kane with P. R. R. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, Daily except Sunday at 9:20 a. m., and 3:40 and 8:40 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:30 a. m. (Sunday).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y. A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt. Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R

Effective May 20, 1904

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:39 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:43 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:06 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut, (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 8:33 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:34 p. m.), Hornellsville (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:20 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

3:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 3:55 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:08 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr 8:05 p. m.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:25 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.18
7.46	6	1.57	Carpenter	7 6	2.34	9.
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.33
7.30	6	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	9
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.46
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.05	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	6	1.05	N. Coudsp't	9	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Ft. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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Not In the Wedding Party

By Euphemia Holden

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The best man wove his way in and out of the gay throng at the foot of the stairway. Bright colored confetti decorated the white shoulders of the women and the black coats of the men. The atmosphere vibrated with music and the rustle of gowns.

He walked across the deserted library and, drawing aside the curtains of a small den, stepped into semidarkness.

On the broad window seat a swirl of fluffy white stirred, and a startled head arose.

"Oh, I didn't expect to be found," said the maid of honor ungraciously. "I'm so tired. Are they nearly ready?"

She was rising slowly.

"Don't move," commanded the best man. "There is plenty of time."

Tucking the cushions behind her, he sat down in a chair at her side.

"I've done all I could for Ralph," he continued, "and I felt entitled to a breathing space."

"I tried to help Elsa, but there were so many. They are going south, aren't they?"

"In confidence, yes. Stoddard Allen wants to tie them up with white ribbons and signs. Ralph said if any one tried it he'd handle him without gloves."

"OH, I DIDN'T EXPECT TO BE FOUND," SAID THE MAID OF HONOR.

"I wouldn't blame him," she laughed, "though a bout in the station might be awkward."

"What a pace we've led the last few days!" he sighed wearily. "You girls seem able to stand it, but personally I'm so muddled I don't know whether it's Ralph's wedding or mine."

"I suppose circumstances also make that difficult to decide."

The best man felt his color rise. He could not see the girl's face distinctly, but he knew the mischievous look that gleamed in her eyes. Of course it was no secret that Elsa and he had been girl and boy lovers, but the thrust piqued him. In fact, their few days' acquaintance had been a series of drawn battles, without malice, but not without keenness.

"Yes," he replied, "though I find I'm glad it's Ralph's, because he is so much happier than I would have been under similar circumstances."

"Ah, the cynic again—woman, a delusion and a snare, and marriage a lottery. No! No! Such sentiments belong to the unintelligent."

"Have you ever been in love?" inquired the best man abruptly. It was the maid of honor's turn to blush. This was not the first time she had found it difficult to get ahead of the best man.

"I have thought I was," she said simply.

"Ex-actly," he went on with measured emphasis. "Then you've ceased thinking so. Later you've studied him calmly and said to yourself, 'A gentleman and eminently respectable, but why did I think I cared for him?' When you heard he was engaged to another girl you congratulated him heartily and honestly. Just the same, when they were married, you felt a trifle sad and a trifle lonely, not because you wanted anything changed, merely because it was another chapter closed forever."

"How do you know?" she cried, sitting up straight.

He laughed the low, pleased laugh of a flattered man.

"It's the way I feel about Elsa," he said.

"And the way I feel about Ralph," she gasped.

In the silence they could hear the talk and laughter of the wedding guests.

"And yet"—she began.

"And yet," he interrupted, "they are the happy ones. They have found each other."

"And they will be peaceful and contented because real love never analyzes."

"While the left overs—you and I—are sitting in the dark, tired, lonesome, theoretical, yet so hard hearted we wouldn't change."

"Oh, don't!" she said sadly. "Just think of the fairy kingdom that belongs to them, all full of romance and fun and companionship. Critical eyes will never see their treasure."

The best man was surprised to hear her catch her breath. He had not connected sentiment with the merry maid of honor, not having realized that a sharp tongue may give utterance to sympathy and gentleness. The discovery opened new vistas to him.

"But not a treasure we should be blind to if we forced our eyes open?"

She shook her head dubiously.

"There's no hope for the analytical. They may peep at a gentle afterglow. One needs to be very young and very rash to find what Elsa and Ralph have found."

"You think it's out of the question for us?"

"You've asked two personal questions. The third is forfeit. I merely meant to speculate. Come! We must go or we'll miss them."

"But if we stay," he said quickly, "we may find worlds. Think of the time we've wasted sparring, and now—the last night—we find mutual and human sympathies."

The maid of honor leaned back on the cushions smiling. The best man's enthusiasm was new and curious.

"It seems to me," he went on, with boyish eagerness, "that reason, honesty and unselfishness are the bases of an enduring marriage. That's why *Ralph and Elsa will be happy.*"

"Oh, you're not a cynic!" exclaimed the maid of honor. "It was only a pose to cover what you try to be ashamed of."

He laughed, and his face flushed again.

"Do you know," she added softly, "nothing in the world is more alluring than the thought of some one who will stand by you year after year, who will put up with your foolishness, a lovable, loyal friend who will be your playmate forever and ever?"

"That's it," he cried. "We're discoverers. Don't you see that you and I could quarrel and make up and be happy?"

A babel of voices, excited laughter and a scurry of feet interrupted him.

"Quick!" said the maid of honor, springing up. She opened the curtains and hurried out.

"They're gone," she pouted, coming slowly back.

"I'm so sorry," apologized the best man, skillfully drawing the curtains behind her. "I ought not to have"—

"Indeed you ought not," she averred severely.

"Forgive me. We would have caught only a glimpse of them, and these minutes in here have meant"—

"Oh, no, no!" she faltered. "They mean nothing. Weddings are contagious. These are symptoms."

"And the cure?" he laughed.

"Immediate separation."

"Twenty minutes too late!" he cried joyously. "Let's have another wedding!"

Rebuking a Judge.

A certain New York judge has a habit which sometimes annoys members of the bar who appear before him, particularly young men, of talking to his associates on the bench while the lawyers are delivering their speeches, but however exasperated they may be the lawyers have not, as a rule, the boldness to complain, for they recognize the power of the court. An eminent lawyer of New York, however, set them an example. He was about to make the closing speech in a highly important case. Forty minutes had been allotted him for the purpose. He had scarcely uttered a dozen words when the judge wheeled round in his chair and began a discussion with his associate on the bench. The lawyer ceased speaking immediately, folded his arms and gazed steadily at the judges. A hush fell upon the courtroom. The offending judge, noticing the stillness, turned and looked inquiringly at the silent advocate.

"Your honor," said the lawyer, "I have just forty minutes in which to make my final argument. I shall not only need every second of that time to do it justice, but I shall also need your undivided attention."

"And you shall have it," promptly responded the judge, at the same time acknowledging the justice of the rebuke by a faint flush on his cheeks. It was an exhibition of genuine courage, but one that was more fully appreciated by members of the profession than by the others who witnessed it.

Recognizes Them by Neckties.

There is a ticket taker in one of the Broadway theaters who occasionally exploits his memory in a rather curious way. Generally he gives each man who goes out between the acts a return check, but occasionally he omits this and relies solely on his memory to recognize those who are entitled to reenter the theater. A man who saw him doing this the other night remarked that he must have a remarkable memory for faces.

"No," replied the ticket taker, "I have a very poor memory for faces. I do not rely on their faces at all. Indeed, I seldom look at the men's faces. What I go by is their neckties. If you will watch the neckties you will observe that no two are exactly alike. Men differ much more than the men's faces do, and they are easier to remember. I might forget a man's face, but his necktie, never. I have followed the rule for years, and I have never made a mistake yet."—New York Press.

All the Year Round.

"I think you should be ashamed," said the lady reformer to the lady Igorrote, "to appear in such a lack of costume."

"Yes'm?" answered the lady Igorrote, who had picked up considerable English as well as much information. "But in the winter you wear a decollete dress, do you not?"

"Yes."

"And in summer a bathing suit?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have hit upon a happy combination of the two."—Chicago Tribune.

JAPANESE FARMERS.

If the Man's Lot Be Hard, His Wife's Is Still Harder.

If the lot of a Japanese farmer be hard, that of his wife is infinitely harder. She not only does an equal amount of labor in the field, but the care of the household and the responsibility of the children also rest upon her shoulders.

From infancy a Japanese girl is taught to be obedient to her parents and when she is about to be married her mother gives her thirteen rules by which to steer her bark on the rugged sea of Japanese married life. Among them are the following: "Be always kind to your mother-in-law and sisters-in-law." "Get up early, stay up late at night and do not take a nap in the daytime." "Be a good housekeeper, be economical in everything." It is well for the happiness of the girl who is about to become a farmer's wife that the last two commandments have been so instilled that she is prepared to regulate her life by them.

The first to rise, she is sure to be the last to retire, and when the male members of the family may be seen stretched on the floor taking their siesta the patient housewife may be seen mending some garment or else laboring in the fields. It is scarcely necessary, however, to train her to be economical, for that is compulsory.

Before the farmer has awakened from his heavy sleep his little wife creeps from under the mosquito net, and, performing a hasty toilet, prepares the morning meal. When the other members of the family arise, the beds, which are heavy quilts placed on the floor, are carefully rolled up by the busy housewife and placed in the closet there to remain until again required.

As there is so little furniture used in a Japanese house, and especially in that of a peasant, one would naturally think that the housekeeping duties would be very light. Such, however, is not the case.

When the bedding has been removed, the meal is then served in the same room. All the members of the family squat on the floor. The boiled rice, which is the principal and oftentimes only article of diet, is brought in in a wooden bucket, and the wife ladles it out, serves her husband first and oftentimes waits until the entire family has finished before she partakes of the food herself.

When the husband has gone to the field the wife removes the dishes and washes them, together with any pots that may have been used at the neighboring well or in the stream that flows just outside her cottage door. These canals or streams are a great labor saving institution in Japan and are used for many and varied purposes. The farmer, tired and dirty after his day's work, refreshes and cleanses himself by a plunge into the running water. As one travels through the country at one point one may see a woman doing the family washing in the stream. Farther down the road the tired, travel stained pilgrim may be seen refreshing his weary feet by laving them in the same water. At other points travelers slake their thirst, dusky urchins disport themselves, and the overworked wife cleanses her dishes in it.—Ada L. A. Murcutt in Pilgrim.

The Business Clergyman.

A young minister was called a few days ago to a church in a thriving eastern city. His predecessor had been a well known preacher whose sermons had attracted large congregations, but whose expressed belief was that the clergyman's single duty was the spiritual welfare of his people. The church had failed to meet current expenses for several years, and its considerable debt was increasing with mechanical regularity. The newcomer was not a wonderful orator, but he had a firm mouth and jaw. Within two years he was at the head of a smoothly running business organization whose departments were handled by men who understood their work and did it, which discounted its bills and reduced its old indebtedness. The church had become a working church.

"The church," he said one day, "is a temporal organization doing an entirely practical work. Business integrity is as necessary to its continuance and definite achievement is as necessary to its advance as in any other temporal organization."

"Your predecessor was right, however," spoke up one of his leading members, with a smile. "He always said the Lord would provide; the Lord did provide you."—Leslie's Monthly Magazine.

Moslem Amenities.

From the earliest times Mohammedan historians, except when in subjection, in describing the death of a Christian, do not say "he died" or "he was killed," but he went to Jahanna." They do not say of a Christian that he was drowned, but they say, "The dog went through water to fire." Not that these elegant phrases are confined to Christians. It is sufficient for a man to be not a Mohammedan to entitle him to "pursue the road to the realms of perdition," or to have his head "struck from his filthy body, so that the world may be gladdened by being cleansed from his polluting existence."

When the army of Islam goes to war with the Sikhs it is called "extermination of the hellish, good for nothing Guru." The faithful, when they die, drink the sharab (which they ought not to do), or sherbet of martyrdom. Sometimes they pluck fruit from the fig tree of immortality. On the contrary, their enemies (may their mouths be crammed with mud) are sent in swarms to hades and the land purified of their existence. The fact is that the religion of Mohammed is a fighting religion. It is meant for conquerors, and for conquerors in the act of conquering.—Saturday Review.

QUESTION OF INCOME

By BELLE MANIATES

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On "butter day" little Susie Bradley always wiped the breakfast dishes. She was making but little progress with that occupation now, however, by reason of running to look out the window every few minutes. Although she took a handful of silver, a platter, or a pile of plates with her on each trip, wiping as she went, she was not keeping pace with Rosie, the help, who was washing the dishes.

"I vow, Susie, this is the tenth time you have gone to that window."

"Oh, I can't wait to see her!" sighed Susie. "I am so afraid the train is late."

The coming of the city cousin, Kathlyn Randall, was always an event. The visit generally occurred in strawberry or harvest time, but what could have induced her to come to the farm in November was beyond the combined conjectures of the Randall family. She had written a short note saying she would be there that morning for a long visit.

"Can hardly wait for what, Susie?" asked a manly voice.

Susie looked up into the handsome face of Nell Milnes, one of the men from the city who were camping down on the river for the shooting season. It was Nell's turn to come for the milk and butter with which Mrs. Bradley supplied them.

"My cousin. She is coming to visit us, and oh, she is so lovely and wears such beautiful clothes!"

Milnes laughed and walked out through the woodshed across fields to stubble to join his comrades.

"I can just imagine the city cousin," he thought, clad in a bargain shirt waist suit and a picture hat from the bazaar at $3.98, or polished as to country folk about hose with her "service."

He heard the sound of running feet behind and turned, expecting to see a young colt, but it was Susie.

"Mother said I might go down to the river road and meet them and ride home with them."

"Your cousin will think she has fallen in clover when she hears there are four young men on the premises," he suggested.

"Oh, she has lots of beaus," replied Susie loftily.

"Then she'll be sure to want more. Tell her we are all married, will you?"

Susie, however, had caught the sound of distant wheels and sped quickly away. Milnes met them riding in the light wagon, Mr. Bradley and the baggage on the first seat, and Susie perched proudly on the back seat beside the most stunning looking girl that he had ever seen. Mr. Bradley reined up and presented Milnes to his niece, Miss Randall, who acknowledged the introduction cordially. Then they drove on, and Milnes, recalling her tailored traveling coat with the big bunch of violets fastened at the belt, the chic hat and correct appointments of veil, gloves and purse, also foreign labeled steamer trunk, was amused at his preconception of the "city cousin."

He went on to the camp racking his brains for a plausible errand to the farmhouse, but his wits, usually fertile, refused to suggest. Finally he resolved to go away and await an inspiration. When he reached the farmhouse, Miss Randall, charmingly gowned, was in the kitchen with her aunt. She hardly vouchsafed the young man a glance.

"Oh, Mr. Milnes, what can I do for you?" asked Mrs. Bradley.

"Why—er—oh, we want some more butter," he said desperately.

"What have you done with all that you got this morning?" she exclaimed.

"Well, you see, it's Johnson's turn to cook, and he uses so much butter!"

Mrs. Bradley's eyes twinkled as she got a roll of butter, while Susie giggled outright, and he could see that Miss Randall was amused, though she was quite ignoring his presence. Suddenly it came to him in a flash that Susie had repeated his remarks. He turned to go, and Mrs. Bradley said good naturedly:

"Susie, go as far as the barn with Mr. Milnes and show him where to get some cider."

On the way out he asked Susie anxiously if she had told what he said.

"Oh, yes," she replied cheerfully.

He groaned.

"What did your cousin say?"

"She said you didn't look like such a cad."

He winced and was silent for a moment. Then he said suddenly:

"Say, Susie, is her father's name Wellman Randall?"

"Yes. Uncle Wellman is her father. He is awfully rich."

Of course he was. Every one knew of Wellman Randall, the successful speculator.

"I am sorry," he said half to himself.

"Why?" asked Susie indignantly. "Uncle Wellman is lovely."

"I know he is, but I wish he were poor."

Such a wish was beyond Susie's understanding, and she thought he was joking. All day he loafed and smoked by himself and thought of the vision at the Bradleys. At twilight he insisted that the milk was sour and went up to the house for a fresh supply. By good fortune Miss Randall was alone in the orchard.

"Miss Randall," he said, coming up to her, "we are all prone at times to say utterly idle words that we don't mean. I couldn't know that you were"—

"That I was what?" she asked as he hesitated.

"That you were the hundredth woman. Until I saw you I had no reason to suppose that you were not one of the ninety-nine. I don't wonder you think me a cad, though."

She blushed a little.

"I am afraid Susie is leaky," she said.

Further conversation was prevented by Mr. Bradley's appearance upon the scene.

"Come, Kathlyn, if you want to go with me to see the committee. We must be starting."

"Yes, uncle. Good night, Mr. Milnes." And she walked away, leaving Nell discomfited.

The next day, Sunday, the men were away from camp fishing save Nell, whose turn it was to cook dinner. While in the tent he heard steps approaching and then a fall. Going out, he saw Susie sprawled on the ground by the side of a pumpkin pie. Both were quite disturbed on the surface.

"Oh, dear," sobbed Susie, "mother took such pains, and I walked so slow and careful all the way!"

Milnes always had a tender sympathy with the woes of children. He picked Susie up in his arms and sat down in the hammock with her, kissed her gently and wiped away the rain of tears.

"See here, dear," he said soothingly, "the pie is all right. We can smooth it down, and if we can't we'll call it pudding. You needn't tell any one at the house, and the fellows won't know the difference. They'll think it's the proper style for a pie. You stay and watch me get dinner and help eat it, and then we'll have a boat ride."

Susie was quickly comforted. She was not used to being petted except by Cousin Kathlyn, and her heart went straight into Nell's service henceforth.

"Cousin Kathlyn is going to stay here and teach the school. Our teacher is ill and has gone away. Isn't that lovely?"

"What in the world is she going to do that for?" he asked in amazement.

"I mustn't tell. Cousin Kathlyn told me it wasn't nice to repeat things."

Nell questioned no further. "It's some whim," he thought, "or a wager. She won't keep that up very long."

When Kathlyn went to Susie's bedside that night for good night kiss with her cousin she cautiously mentioned Nell's name.

The child sat up in bed. Her eyes shining.

"I love him!" she cried.

"Why, Susie?"

Thereupon Susie confided the fate of the pie and told how he had kissed and comforted her. The next morning when Nell chanced to be strolling in the lane near the little schoolhouse he met Kathlyn. To his surprise she stopped and spoke to him, smiling graciously.

"Susie told me how good you were to her," she said.

"Susie's a darling!" he exclaimed. "And say, Miss Randall, if I can help you in the school or anyway"—

She laughed.

"Oh, I can manage the school all right. I understand children."

"I shall come and see how you get on," he declared.

He appeared in the schoolroom the very next day and announced that he had come to "visit." She was provoked, but she could not turn him out. She had written some words on the blackboard for the pupils to use in sentences. She now pointed to the first one, "income."

"Who can make a sentence and use that word correctly?" she asked.

"Do call on that little fat boy for a sentence or he'll wring his hand off," whispered Nell.

She gave the youngster the floor, and he jumped to his feet in triumph, yelling:

"In come a rat!"

That was too much for Nell's composure, and he gave way to an infectious fit of laughter, in which teacher and scholars joined.

"You had better go now," she said to her visitor.

"If I'll promise not to come in again may I come every afternoon and row you and Susie home by the river way?"

She consented to this arrangement and thenceforth came halcyon days to Nell and Susie at least.

November vanished, and so did the hunters, save Nell, who lingered and upon Mrs. Bradley's invitation took up his quarters at the farmhouse. He was very happy except when he remembered how paltry his income would appear in comparison with Miss Randall's millions. Susie used to watch him closely when he was in one of these reveries, and her warm little heart, enlightened by her affection for Nell, divined the cause. She reached a decision. Her opportunity came that evening. She went to the barn to hold the lantern for Nell while he got some cider.

"I am going to tell you why Cousin Kathlyn teaches school," she said bluntly.

"Oh, but you shouldn't, Susie! Didn't she tell you not to?"

"No. She didn't say not to tell that especially. Besides, every one knows but you. You know you wished Uncle Wellman was poor?"

"Yes," he said, his heart beating with hope.

"He is now. He lost everything he had in a minute, and he sent Cousin Kathlyn here to stay while he went west to make some more money, and she would teach so as to help him."

"Susie, Susie, you are my good angel," he cried in delight.

The light of love and hope so transfigured his countenance that Kathlyn turned pale when she saw him. When the Bradley family had considerately gone to bed at an earlier hour than usual Nell told Kathlyn all that was in his heart.

"Dear," he said reproachfully, "why didn't you tell me of your father's loss?"

"I was afraid you'd think I was imagining myself 'in clover.' Besides, it shouldn't be a question of income"—

"A rat!" he finished, laughing.

THE PANTHEON.

It Has Withstood Vicissitudes of Over Twenty Centuries.

The Pantheon is the most interesting of all the interesting places of Rome. It was used for its present purpose as a place of religious worship before the foundations of the Coliseum were laid. Its huge doors have opened to admit the great ones of the earth, from Augustus Caesar to Napoleon, an assertion that will scarcely be disputed.

It stands in the very heart of old Rome, and the vicissitudes which have befallen the Eternal City during the 2,000 years of its existence have left it practically unchanged. The gilded bronze that lined its roof has been carried off to "decorate" St. Peter's, where in the form of clouds and Cupids, cords and curtains, it fills the beholder with displeased amazement.

Its tiles of bronze and gold were removed to Constantinople 1,500 years ago, and the statues which adorned it have long since perished. But the mighty walls yet stand, firm as ever, sweeping up to the majestic dome, the largest, though not the highest, in the world.

One hundred feet across, a hundred feet high and perfectly circular, no architect could design a building more perfect in its proportions, more harmonious as a whole. It is lighted solely by an aperture in the dome, a circle thirty feet across. Standing on its marble floor one looks up to the greatest dome man ever raised, and through that to the blue dome which bends above it, sending summer sun or winter rain through those bare yards of space.

The effect is so impressive, so entirely unmatched and unrivaled, that the dullest of hearts and most untaught of minds must perforce acknowledge its influence. A man may think St. Peter's "disappointing," may condemn the Coliseum as barbaric, or decide that he does not care for the catacombs, but every man who has viewed it has been impressed, even to the pitch of respectful silence, by the Pantheon.

The huge leaves of the bronze door revolve on their mighty hinges as they have done since the days of the Caesars, and so perfectly balanced are they that a woman's wrist can unclose them. Through those doors they carried Julia, Caesar's daughter, with all the pomp of her imperial power about her. And after the lapse of twenty centuries King Humbert was brought across the selfsame threshold to sleep his last sleep in the ancient place.—Chicago Journal.

The Archbishop's Suggestion.

The late Archbishop Corrigan was one of the gentlest of men, but when it was necessary to reprove any one under his charge, whether priest or layman, he never hesitated to do so. At one time there was a vacancy in the rectorship of one of the large churches in New York city, and several clergymen were talked about for the position. Two prominent women who were members of the church called upon the archbishop and urged the selection of one of their clerical friends. As they were leaving one woman turned to the other and said impressively:

"When you get home, pray that the Holy Ghost may give the archbishop the grace to appoint the right man."

Like a flash the archbishop turned around and said in icy tones:

"While you are at it ask the Holy Ghost to give women the grace to attend to their own business."—Harper's Weekly.

Love.

Lord Byron, brilliant, beautiful and unscrupulous as his own Don Juan, left behind him the maxim that there was but one real form of happiness in love—where a man and woman so adored each other that they could conceive of no happiness out of each other's sight, and this for their whole lives. Grant that this is to demand a great deal, yet it is true that all the influences of long life combine to identify two who dwell together. Their very faces often grow more alike, and how frequently the death of one is followed speedily, without sufficient visible reason, by that of the other also!

An Accurate Marksman.

Accuracy is one of the best business accomplishments. However, it is seldom drawn to a finer point than in the following story, taken from the Chicago Journal:

During the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882 Lord Charles Beresford asked a gunner if he could hit a man who was on the fort. The gunner replied:

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Then hit him in the eye," said Lord Beresford. He was surprised when the gunner inquired:

"Which eye, sir?"

A Process Reversed.

"You regard campaign calculations as a distinct branch of mathematics?"

"Yes," answered the erudite personage. "The method differs from all others. You start with the answer and then work backward and evolve a problem to demonstrate it."—Washington Star.

Not Too Timid.

An officer in the army laughed at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterward he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.

Accustomed to It.

Ada—And weren't you a bit nervous when he proposed? Clara—Oh, no! A proposal doesn't make me nervous any more.—New York Press.

Much bending breaks the bow; much untending, the mind.—Bacon.

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What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

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DOG AND DIPLOMAT

By LOWELL OTUS REESE

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Magnolia was one of those quiet little towns by the southern sea where many people go to spend the winter. Its chief beauty lay in the wide forest of live oaks all about, through which wound the level driveway, with its accompanying bicycle path. The sea knocked lazily at the door, but never with enough energy to cause the quiet little town to give it any attention beyond that of an occasional midwinter bathing party or a clambaking expedition up the coast, where the rocks were large and black in the moonlight and the scene peculiarly adapted to the telling of ghost stories and the walks home eminently well suited to the telling of love stories which, while not so thrilling, were infinitely more satisfactory.

Carleton saw her on the avenue one morning. He watched her enter a certain house with magnolias in the front yard. She entered with an air of proprietorship, and Carleton promptly decided that it was her home. He strode away to the nearest drug store and by skillful diplomacy elicited from the benevolent old gentleman with spectacles that the house was occupied by Colonel Barclay of New York, and—

But Carleton promptly forgot the rest of it as being "irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial." He remembered the name, however, and he saw her again that evening—afar off.

He was a modest fellow, and he tried to keep out of sight. However, he thought about her most assiduously, and finally he dreamed about her. This was getting serious. To think all day about a girl you've never met and to dream about her all night is alarming and an indication that it is time for you to leave town or hunt up a mutual friend.

Carleton knew no one in Magnolia, and he could not induce himself to leave. He continued to haunt the beach and drive and tell his troubles to the big pointer, who always listened with an appreciative thump of the tail and a tremendous droop of his cavernous jaw.

One evening Carleton was lying upon the grass half a mile from town when suddenly the pointer sprang up with a startled bark and rushed out into the middle of the bicycle path, frisking and ready for a romp. He was just in time to collide with Miss Barclay's wheel and send that frightened young lady to the ground in an undignified heap.

Carleton ran out in a perfect agony of contrition. "It's all Don's fault!" he cried. "I hope you won't—are you hurt?" he finished anxiously.

The young lady was regarding her muddy costume with mingled wrath and mortification. Her face burned a rosy red, and she sprang quickly upon her wheel and started with all speed from the scene of her tumble.

"He's a horrid, muddy beast," she half sobbed, "and if I owned him I would have him shot." Then with a half glance at the abject young man, who stood hat in hand, she swept around a bend in the road and was gone.

Carleton stood benumbed. "It's all over now," he sighed. "Don, you've done it this time all right." The poor pointer hung his head and slunk away to lie down behind a tree and watch his master with agonized, apprehensive eyes. He was guilty, but so sorry.

Carleton regarded him long and thoughtfully.

"Don, old boy," he said, "it's up to you. You've got to be sacrificed. It goes hard with me, old chap, but she has condemned you, and that settles it."

Don wagged his tail anxiously and with doubt. He didn't understand, only that things were not at all right and that there was trouble ahead.

When Miss Barclay came down the next morning she found the big pointer tied to a magnolia tree in her front yard. Affixed to his collar was a card. She stood for a moment in blank amazement looking at the dog. Don sat down and smiled at her, thrashing his tail vigorously among the leaves to tell her he was sorry, but mighty friendly.

The girl approached slowly. Don watched her, but made no extravagant demonstrations. It was a point in his favor and went far toward excusing his ill chosen frivolity of the day before.

Miss Barclay laid a tentative hand upon his head. Don looked into her eyes gravely, but made no effort to presume upon the short acquaintance by unseemly fawnings.

The girl smiled finally. "Whose dog are you, anyway?" she asked quizzically.

The pointer opened his wide jaws and laughed with a soft, panting breath. Then he solemnly raised the right paw and laid it in Miss Barclay's hand. Curiosity took possession of the girl, and she tore the card from the dog's collar and read it:

Dear Miss Barclay—Here is the bearer, Don, pursuant to your expressed wish of yesterday. Perhaps it is a bit cowardly, but I confess I haven't the heart to kill him myself. He and I have been chums a long time, and he is the only being I know in the whole south. So, while I express my deepest regret for the annoyance he caused you yesterday, let me bespeak for him an easy and painless death, for he has his good points. Very respectfully, ROBERT CARLETON.

"Well!" ejaculated Miss Barclay when she had read it. "Oh, my!" She glanced furtively up and down the street and across the way and seemed about to run. Nobody was in sight, however, save a ragged negro boy carrying a valise around the corner. "How foolish of me!" she smiled. She reread the note and looked at the dog. Don wigwagged her a friendly signal, and the tears came to her eyes. "Kill such a dear fellow! Never!"

She sat down on the grass and puckered her brows as she thought. Presently a light came into her eyes and she gasped. Then she frowned and sniffed.

"Impudent rascal!" she said. "He's trying to get acquainted with me. It's perfectly outrageous of him!" She tried to be angry—very, very angry. But somehow she did not quite succeed. She remembered the picture of a tall, flushed young fellow with a well bred face standing before her with a look of miserable apology, and she was bound to confess that she was not able to feel just as indignant as she ought. She read the note once more.

"Impudent!" she said to Don. "Impudent—but—but clever!" and she laughed. The dog laughed back and whacked the ground violently with his tail.

Then the real serious part of the puzzle occurred to her. She did not know the man's address. How then could she send this valuable animal back to him? And really did she not owe him an apology for her rude remark to him yesterday? He had not been to blame, and he had tried so hard to apologize.

After awhile she decided to advertise—discreetly. It seemed the best solution of the distracting problem. She untied the rope and led the dog around to the rear of the house, where she turned him over to the housemaid, and went in to telephone her advertisement to the paper.

Fifteen minutes later she found herself out in the back yard again. Don's eyes met her reproachfully. He was confined ignominiously in a chicken coop.

Miss Barclay tried her best to think it was all right. Then she gave it up. He was such a splendid dog after all! She took him from the coop and allowed him the freedom of the back yard. Don did not abuse the privilege. He seemed to understand that he was on parole. He lay down at her feet and watched her adoringly. She wandered away to the hammock and tried to forget the whole incident in a book. Don followed, sat down and peered solemnly over the edge of the hammock with grave eyes which seemed to say, "What are you going to do about it?"

That evening Carleton picked up the paper and read:

R. C.—Your dog has been pardoned and released on his own recognizance. Please come and get him. I. B.

And when Carleton called Don had been promoted. He was in the parlor, lying on the best Persian rug.

* * * * * * *

"Bless old Don!" said Carleton fervently six months later. "He caused it all. He's a diplomat worthy the court of St. James."

"Yes," said Miss Barclay, with a shy smile, "he's almost as great a diplomat as his master, save that he lacks his master's impudence."

"Perhaps," assented Carleton cheerfully, "but much goes with impudence which might possibly be missed by mere diplomacy." And he kissed her.

Indirect Answers.

Yankees are said to answer one question by another. Turks meet questions by another sort of evasion, quite as irritating. Sir A. Henry Layard says in his "Autobiography" that during a journey through Asia Minor he met a shepherd driving his flock.

I asked him how many goats he possessed.

His reply was, "As many as passed by you."

"But," said I, "I did not count them. How many are there?"

"The same number I took with me to the mountains."

"But how many did you take to the mountains?"

"As many as I had."

It was useless to inquire any further. Passing a caravan of laden camels, I asked one of the drivers whence he came.

"From that side," was the answer, pointing with his finger in the direction.

"But from what town?"

"The town is there," pointing again.

"But the name of the town?"

"It was toward Smyrna."

And so the colloquy ended.

This habit is derived from the suspicion entertained by easterners of strangers, who are generally taken for government officials on some mission connected with taxgathering or other business distasteful to the population.

Fish That Are Not Fish.

On our way into the interior of Newfoundland part of our route was over a lovely lake. We had not proceeded far when I thought I could occasionally see the water break with a splash in close proximity to the canoe. I turned to the native who was handling the paddle and inquired whether there were any fish in the pond.

"Fish? No, sir—no fish, sir."

Presently I saw not six feet from the bow of the canoe a magnificent salmon rise to the surface and with a swish of his tail disappear to the depths. Again I turned to my friend with the remark: "Daddy, did I understand you to say that there were no fish in this lake?"

"No fish, sir—no fish."

"Yes, but—I beg your pardon—I—a moment ago saw what I took to be a twelve or fifteen pound salmon break the water not six feet from the bow of the canoe."

"Oh, yes, that was a salmon! There are plenty of trout and salmon in all these waters, but no fish, sir. You know, we don't count anything as fish in these parts but codfish, sir."—"Caribou Shooting in Newfoundland."

Her Hard Luck.

"I made an awful faux pas last night," said Mrs. Oldcastle.

"Did you?" replied her hostess. "I've been wantin' to make one for a long time, but I ain't been able to get a pattern. Whose did you have?"—Chicago Tribune.

Wholesale Rates.

Sammy (admiringly surveying his lately arrived twin sisters)—Did you get them cheaper by taking the two, papa?

If one could remember when asked for advice that his friend wants only confirmation of his own judgment it would save much heartache.—Toledo Blade.

BALANCING RESULTS

THE LAW OF CONSEQUENCES AND THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE.

Good or Evil in Things Is Discovered by Observations of Consequences. Morals Are Determined by the Consequences of Human Actions.

A reaction is the consequence of an action; an effect is the consequence of a cause; a result is the consequence of an antecedent. It is evident that the words reaction, effect, result and consequence express different manifestations of one law, usually called the law of causation, though it would be I believe, more correctly named the law of consequences.

We shall understand more clearly the interactions in human affairs when we recognize that the meaning of the words reaction, effect and result is included in the word consequence. We may doubt the importance of reaction in our affairs, but we shall not doubt the importance of consequences.

We are compelled to give consideration to consequences in the most trivial affairs. One has consequences in view when he strikes a match, sets a pot to boil, plants a seed, pulls a weed, sharpens a pencil, mends a fence. Shall I take an umbrella? I balance the danger of rain against the annoyance of the umbrella and decide accordingly. Shall I change my coat? Take another cup of coffee? Walk or ride? Each question will be decided in accordance with my estimate of the balance of results. In considering possible advantages or disadvantages, gains or losses we are balancing consequences, endeavoring to anticipate and weigh the results of our actions.

Regret is usually a reminder of a neglect or misjudgment of consequences, while repentance and reformation indicate a waking up concerning consequences. Our interest, curiosity, anxieties, fears, hopes and ambitions are concentrated upon consequences. We seek advice when we are doubtful about consequences. Precepts and examples elucidate consequences. We work and rest, eat and drink, scheme and plan, spend and save, for consequences.

The lesson of consequences which the individual often learns slowly and imperfectly the sound business organizations acquire quickly and enforce by discipline. The salesmen in a successful store are characterized by tidiness, promptness and a desire to please; the employees of the important railroads are not even permitted to answer insult with insult. The industry that is intelligently managed will avoid misrepresentation and deception, knowing that a reputation for truth and fairness is vital to continuous success. The shrewdest maxims of trade are built upon the observation of consequences.

That mind is the strongest which has the clearest judgment of consequences. The fools are those who know little about consequences. The child must be guarded because it is ignorant of consequences. What we know of narcotics, stimulants, antidotes, hygiene, surgery, chemistry, agriculture, mechanics, commerce, culture, we know through the observation of consequences. The best razor, plow, sanitary system, plan of social betterment, is that which produces the best results. Knowledge, learning and experience deal wholly with cause and consequence. The science of astronomy seeks to comprehend the heavenly bodies and their influences upon each other. The science of chemistry explains the consequences of chemical action. The science of political economy aims to distinguish and mark the good and evil results of different systems of land tenure, taxation, trade and finance. The science of government would determine what political system is best for a people. The science of war seeks to know what arms, equipments, forces and maneuvers will inflict the greatest injury upon the enemy with a minimum of expenditure. The science of language deals with the utility of words, pronunciation and forms of expression. And so on through the whole of human experience knowledge seeks to distinguish that which has the best results from that which has inferior or evil results.

Our ideas of right and wrong are due to the nature of the responses to human actions. How do we know that truth is better than falsehood? Because we are better pleased with ourselves when we speak truthfully than when we lie; because truth is essential to understanding; because we despise lying in others; because lying leads to confusion, uncertainty, chaos, enmity and to other evil consequences. And so also we have formed a judgment of loyalty and treachery, cruelty and kindness, virtue and vice, by their consequences.

Our laws, customs and commandments would not prove to us that truth is better than lying if our own experience did not confirm it. The Decalogue is effective only so far as nature corroborates it.

Our common conceptions of morality are the results of the observation of human actions and their consequences—of cause and effect, of action and reaction. We know that certain actions are right and others wrong, as we know that bread is good and straw bad for food; that light clothing is more useful in summer than in winter; that cleanliness is better than filthiness; that the way to walk is forward, not backward; that mirth is pleasanter than grief.

As the value of a machine or implement is shown in its working and the value of a tree by its fruit, so the merit or demerit of food, drink, medicine, acts and thoughts is determined by their results, reactions or effects—by their consequences.—From "Balance: The Fundamental Verity," by Orlando J. Smith.

City Visitor's Oversight.

Uncle Josh (after seeing urban guest take the train)—That feller may know a heap about city etityket, but he wouldn't pass fer no Chestyfield in these parts. Uncle Lish—Wouldn't, hey?—Uncle Josh—No, sir. W'y, he stayed weth me three days an' never once proposed t' go out an' look at my hawgs.—Judge.

THE TIPPING HABIT.

Some of the Incongruities That Punctuate the Evil.

The inconsistencies of tipping are discussed by a noted New York judge in an interview in the New York World. He says: "Did you ever stop to think how queer it is that we tip a man who gives us food and yet never tip the man who gives us drink? We tip the waiter, but who has the nerve or the desire to tip a bartender except by offering him a drink or one of his own cigars? And even that sort of treat is never offered to a bartender who is not also an acquaintance. Yet why should the waiter get a tip when the bartender doesn't? Then, too, we give the barber a ten cent tip with our fifteen cent shave (a tip, by the way, aggregating 66 2-3 per cent of the real purchase), and yet we hand over not one single penny when we buy our fifteen cent cigar. A messenger boy delivers a note some time during the same day it is given him, and he gets a quarter for his speed. But the postman who delivers our regular mail promptly to the very minute gets not a penny except at some such season as Christmas. The cabman who gets a mortgage on your house for carrying you from the Flatiron building to Herald square also expects a circular segment of silver as a reward for not killing you during the trip, but a man who would give a trolley conductor an extra nickel for remembering to stop at the right corner and helping the whole family to alight would be thought crazy. If we must tip, why not be consistent? Why not either stop feeing the waiter, the barber, the messenger boy and the cabman or else begin tipping the conductor, the bartender, the cigar man, the clerk, the newsboy, the 'L' train guard, the grocer, the ash man and a few of the other worthies upon whom we are more or less dependent? If a man from some country where tipping is unknown (if so blissful a bourn exists) should come to Manhattan and ask us to explain our tipping system—its limitations and the reason for those limitations—is there a man in all New York who could give any sort of explanation that would not be an insult to a gorilla's intelligence?"

The Upper Amazon Basin.

The whole upper Amazon basin is subject to annual overflows which make it impossible to build homes on the rivers, as we are accustomed to do on our American rivers. There are only a few points in all the great stretch of river country that are above the flooding point, and these are commonly composed of rock or clay, quite unfit for cultivation.

Wanted

Men and women in this county and adjoining territories to represent and advertise an old established house of solid financial standing. Salary to men $21 weekly, to women $12 to $18 weekly with expenses advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address Blew Bros. & Co., Dept. A, Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 39-45-6t

Dr. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome in every Home.

KIDNEY and LIVER cure.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Constipation, and weaknesses peculiar to women. Successful for 30 years. Prepared by DR. D. KENNEDY'S SONS, Rondout, N. Y. $1.00 all druggists. Six bottles $5.00.

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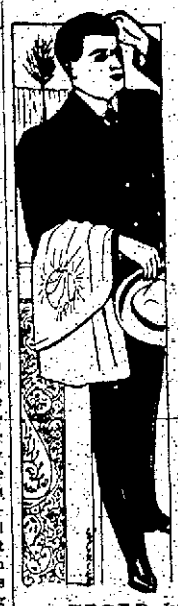
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.



When out for a Walk

It wouldn't be a bad idea to come in and see us. Wife told you about some plumbing needed fixing and now is the time to see about it.

PLUMBERS and BUNGLERS

are different. We are the plumbers that never bungle. A job done by us stays done. Doesn't cost half as much in the end as bungling. Bad plumbing is a serious matter. Why not always employ us and be sure of good work.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBEN BLOCK. Smethport.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINistrator, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of December, A. D. 1904:

First and partial account of John S. Collins, administrator of the estate of Della Collins, deceased.

First and final account of August Mellander, administrator of the estate of Carl Edward Poole, deceased.

First and final account of Inga M. Liligendahl and Ralph E. Burdick, administrators of the estate of Charles W. Liligendahl, deceased.

First and final account of William J. Hogan, executor of the last Will and Testament of Edward Ryan, deceased.

First and final account of Gordon Williams, guardian of Nellie Mae Conver, minor child of Alfred W. Conver, deceased.

First, final and distributive account of George M. Hickman, guardian of William W. Benedict, minor child of Edwin E. Benedict, deceased.

First and final account of S. H. Smith, administrator c. t. a. of the estate of Emma Beam, deceased.

First and final account of Etta Swartsfager, administratrix of the estate of Henry Swartsfager, deceased.

First and final account of Myra E. Whitney, executrix of the last Will and Testament of Henry P. Whitney, deceased.

First and final account of John Mell and Johanna Mell, administrators of the estate of Swan Peterson, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.
Smethport, Pa., November 12, 1904.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 25, June Term, 1904.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Helen Mae Van Sickles did, on the 25th day of February, 1904, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Dell Van Sickles.

We therefore command you, the said Dell Van Sickles, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the second Monday in December next, to answer the petition or libel of Helen Mae Van Sickles and show cause, if any you have, why the said Helen Mae Van Sickles, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., November 16th, 1904.
John N. Apple, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 80, February Term, 1904.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lesser H. Cohn did, on the 5th day of January, 1904, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ida E. Cohn.

We therefore command you, the said Ida E. Cohn, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Lesser H. Cohn and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lesser H. Cohn your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., November 16th, 1904.
Berry & Edgett, Libellant's Attorneys.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

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Smethport, Pa.

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Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa.
Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish-War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 30 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 302-B.

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Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
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Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

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ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m.
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Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

Hotels.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
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Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, refurnished and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

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